THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ROBERT EMMET HONORED

By the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at Central Music Hall Saturday Evening Last.

Large and Enthusiastic Meeting, Presided Over by the Rev. James M. Scanlan, and Addressed by the Hon. M. V. Gannon.

A Musical and Literary Programme That Was Well Rendered and Heartily Appreciated.

Central Music Hall never contained a more patriotic or enthusiastic assemblage than on last Saturday night, the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet. The great hall was packed from pit to dome, and many a late-comer was unable to gain admittance. The decorations in the hall were simple but eloquent, consisting only of American and Irish flags and a large portrait of Emmet, which was wreathed with the colors of America and Ireland. A battalion of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, in their handsome uniforms, made a fine appearance as they sat in a semi-circle around the stage. The Rev. James M. Scanlan, of the Holy Name Cathedral, presided, and the Hon. M. V. Gannon was the chief orator.

On the stage were seated P. V. Fitzpatrick, the Hon. M. V. Gannon, Michael Fitzpatrick, M. Waldron, C. Houlihan, M. J. Keane, John J. O'Connell, David Barry, M. J. Kelly, William H. Joyce, Judge Walter Gibbons, James C. Strain, J. J. Mahoney, Wm. J. Hogan, Daniel O'Connor, Lawrence Heneley, A. J. Ford, John Dowling, Patrick Kealy, John E. Long, Hon. Miles Kehoe, Major L. R. Buckley, Alderman John Powers, Martin Mulcahey, Edward Walsh, Hugh Jordan, Daniel Corkery, Timothy F. McCarthy, Judge Dooley, Roger C. Sullivan, Hon. Frank Agnew, Wm. Gavin, John Markey, John T. Keating, Peter Kelly, Frank Kinsella and others.

In the audience were noticed many prominent Irish Nationalists, among whom were Col. F. T. Colby, Timothy Cullinane, T. J. Ford, Alderman Wm. F. Mahoney, Coroner McHale, W. C. McClure, Daniel Coghlan, Patrick Morris, John Graves, Omaha; John W. Stanton, John McGovern, E. J. Cummings, Maurice Walsh, John McNulty, Martin Gleason, Thomas Murphy, P. B. Flanagan, James Storen, Thos. F. Hunt, Thomas F. Burke, James W. Clarke, James Carroll, Wm. Houlihan, John McCaffrey (West Side), Henry P. Fleming, Thomas Ahern, John Foley, F. F. Conroy, John McCaffrey (North Side), Thos. Dougherty, D. Considine, Capt. Grossman, Capt. Coakley, P. O'Brien.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who introduced the Rev. James M. Scanlan as chairman of the evening. Father Scanlan, on assuming the chairmanship, said that it was always a pleasant duty for an Irish priest to preside at a meeting where are gathered together those who would honor the memory of men who have worked and died for Ireland's sake, for the priest had been with the Irish people in the fight for liberty through seven centuries. We join tonight, he said, with millions all over the world in the celebration of the birth of him who gave his young life for Ireland and for us. We, as good Americans of Irish birth or Irish decent, have but lately celebrated the birthday of that great and good patriot, George Washington; in the same spirit we come here tonight to celebrate the birthday of another equally good and equally patriotic, if not equally successful.

J. J. Phelan commenced the musical part of the programme by singing "O'Donnell Aboo" and "The Bells of Shandon." A medley of Irish airs was contributed by the Beasley children, and the Cooke sisters sang "Only Once More." Richard J. Gavin delivered Emmet's impassioned address. Then Mary C. O'Kelly sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and as an encore, "She Is Far From the Land Where Her Young Hero Sleeps," and Robert E. Hardy's baritone rolled out "The Minstrel Boy." A violin solo by little Viddeto Beasley and the recitation of "Shaun's Head," by Miss Kittie Carey, paved the way for the oration of the evening.

The Hon. M. V. Gannon was then introduced, and after commenting on the large numbers present at the celebration, said: It is a complete answer to some people to find this magnificent audience called together to do honor to the greatest, purest and most unselfish patriot of this or any other time, the Irish Protestant, Robert Emmet, to be presided over by a Catholic priest. (Applause.) Ninety-one years ago the blood of Emmet was given to the dogs of Dublin. Today his countrymen are meeting all over the world to do honor to his memory, and we find them not only in Ireland but in America ready to adopt his principles.

Those who are upholders of the spirit and the purpose of Emmet are frequenty mocked by wise speakers and top-lofty scribblers with the charge that they speak in safety at the long range of 3,000 miles. They forget that distance was annihilated and high resolves put into glorious execution when the flag, hated because it waves in Ireland over an unwilling people, was trampled in the dust on the stricken field of Ridgeway, and nothing but the alleged exigencies of international law prevented a glorious satisfaction for the butcheries of '98, the massacre of Drogheda and the broken treaty of Limerick. (Applause.)

Another class of able, and I am bound to say conscientious men, endeavor to make the world believe that it is our duty to throw off all attachment to our native land that we may become better American citizens. De Kalb and Steuben surely loved the cause of the colonies and surely loved the fatherland. The first American commodore undoubtedly made a good American citizen. Meagher, sweeping up the cannon-crowned St. Mary's Heights, Shields withstanding Stonewall Jackson's dread advance, Corcoran with his Sixty-ninth covering the Bull Run flight, were surely good American citizens and each would as surely have given his life cheerfully to meet the ancient foe on his native soil. Robert Emmet's avowed aim was to gain for his country the guarantees Washington obtained for America. His life blood, given to the dogs to lap, was the price of his temerity. Pamphleteers may indulge in labored essays, enemies may sneer, parliamentarians swear and friends halt and grow timid, but that blood demands in atonement the righting of Irish wrongs, the restoration of Irish rights and the establishment of an Irish republic. "No man can place a limit to the march of a nation," said Charles Stewart Parnell. (Prolonged applause.)

Mr. Gannon then reviewed the history of Ireland's struggle from the days of Emmet, and after speaking of the Fenian movement and giving it the credit for uprooting many an old prejudice and showing the power of organization, said they did not attain their object, but another movement and another leader found the seed which they had so diligently and so self-sacrificingly sown, ripened into a ready and abundant harvest. Parnell had the whole force of Fenian ideas and Fenian teachings behind him. (Applause.) He was most admirably fitted by nature and by education for the task which he had undertaken. Cool, cautious and calculating, he set about nationalizing the whole force of public opinion in Ireland. He surrounded himself by a band of men drawn from the homes and hearths of the people, and for ten years and more gave valliant and successful battle to the forces of British tyranny in and out of the British house of commons. He took the deed and not the spoken word. Irishmen were fervid and effusive; he was cold as lapland breezes. He brought the great leader of a great party to acknowledge the justice of Irish claims—and then died. No word of controversy over present policies should escape a speaker on such an occasion as this. His methods were not the methods of Emmet, but they tended toward the day when that tomb might be inscribed, and he will always and should always have a reverent place in the hearts of all those who love the cause of Irish liberty. (Applause.)

How far have we advanced toward that happy goal? If agitation and the schemes begotten of awakened consciences of grand old men should fail of realization; if, now that Mr. Gladstone's public life is practically ended and the wearywaiting of a faithful, law-abiding, though suffering people has proved of no avail, then shall the struggle end here? I think I hear you say "No! a thousand times no!" It is our duty to speed the day when may be shown the real strength of Irish character, the real depth of Irish tolerance, the real power of Irish love and purpose, the mighty weight of Ireland's disciplined arm. (Applause.)

After songs by Miss Mary A. Butler and W. L. O'Connell, Miles Kehoe rose and read the address to the Irish people. The concluding portion of which was as follows:

"The name of Robert Emmet is as widely known and as tenderly revered by Irishmen everywhere as is the name of their patron saint. The memories of both are celebrated in this rugged month of March and not till their names are forgotten shall the ancient nationality which they typify become extinct. Patrick preached the gospel of Christ for the first time among the valleys and on the mountains of Ireland, while Emmet from dock and scaffold, preached that gospel equally dear to the hearts of the race—Ireland free and independent.

"We are not likely to abandon the battle for Irish freedom, because we know that until it is won the tomb of Emmet must remain uninscribed. In order to accomplish the mission left us by Emmet as an inheritance it is necessary that we should be faithful to the principles of which he was an exponent, and while we may tolerate those who look to other methods for Ireland's deliverance we must not forget that in ourselves alone is the power to achieve independence and not by a foolish trust in the promises of an empire that has ever been Ireland's oppressor."

The remainder of the programme consisted of songs by Miss Eugenia Bayard and Miss O'Connell; "Erin's Flag," recited by Patrick Henry Barry; "There Are Just as Good Men Come From Ireland Today," by John Drummy, and bagpipe selections by Patrick Tuohy. Then J. J. Phelan sang "God Save Ireland," the audience joined in.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Manager Thomas W. Prior rapidly leads one success with another at the popular Schiller Theatre. "The Crust of Society," the famous play which has set the line of comedy sensation for the world of wealth and fashion both sides of the Atlantic, is the attraction for this and the following week. It is that brilliant picture of the facinating adventuress in high life so startlingly portrayed in Dumas' great work "Le Demi Monde" of which the "Crust of Society" is a masterly translation and adaptation. It is the original version as played by the John Stetson organization, and the present company under the direction of Messrs. Arthur Lewis and Joseph P. Reynolds was specially selected for the piece. The great dramatic necessities of the play are illustrated with power and finish and the performance throughout is a notably even and able one. Such marked public favorites as Zeffie Tilbury and Elita Proctor Otis, Lydia Thompson, Arthur Lewis, Charlotte Neilson, John Flood and Henry Bayntun unite in making it an ideal representation of modern comedy of the very highest class.

Manager Pryor is just back from a trip among the eastern managers, having secured a list of novelties and successes for the Schiller's spring season. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Gustave Luders is ever a popular feature of this house. The pretty descriptive number, "To the Ball With Daisy Bell," illustrating a sleighing party and closing with a grand march and waltz-polka, has so caught the popular fancy that Conductor Luders has yielded to the general request that it be continued as a star feature of his carefully made programmes.

HUGH O'NEILL.

BY ROSS-COMAIN.

As back along the storied page of Erin's
chequered past
With grief or pride, in silence oft, a fleeting glance we cast,
And scan the names, in countless files, by
Glory's hand arrayed
Of those whose deeds their beauteous
isle the home of bravery made:
Of all the chiefs whose deathless fame
still fresh and glorious lives
And to the patriot's noble aims fresh inspiration gives,
What name more loved or dearly prized
with pure and fervent zeal
Than his who led Tir-Owen's clans—the
fearless Hugh O'Neill?

What though his pure and noble life a
painful ending found,
What though his cherished hopes had
been by seas of sorrow drowned,
And that the flag he kept so long o'er
Usna floating free
Crushed down and trampled in the dust
his clansmen bold should see—
Let foemen gloat o'er scenes like these,
but we who love the name
Of him whose strong and willing [illegible]
with gleaming brand [illegible]
Struck terror through his country's foes,
shall ever cease to feel
A thrill of rapture at his deeds—undaunted Hugh O'Neill!

In youthful years, 'neath alien skies, his
courtly foemen tried
From him by artful schemes and wiles,
his country's griefs to hide,
But, once upon his native soil, they saw
with grief and fear
His hate of tyranny that grew with each
succeeding year,
Till like the storm-cloud, that small and
distant seems at first,
Surcharged at length with gathered
strength in mighty force doth burst,
So broke his wrath till dyed became with
Saxon blood the steel
That gleamed in many an Irish hand led
on by Hugh O'Neill.

In Ulster first the sword he drew with
purpose proud and high,
And o'er her fields and leaguered towns
first pealed his battle-cry,
But not for Ulster's rights alone he struggled long and planned,
His aid he gave where'er the brave essayed to free their land—
From where the bosom of Lough Foyle
is dimpled by the gale
To where the ocean surges wash the headlands round Kinsale,
Till Ireland saw, with rising hope, the
dawn of freedom steal
Along her valleys green, beneath the hand
of Hugh O'Neill.

Would that the minstrel's theme could
o'er such noble triumphs glow
As those that tell of Seagrave's fall and
Bagnall's overthrow,
Would that no cloud of woe or ill had
ever come to blight,
Or stay in sorrow and defeat the onward
march of right!
But bravery 'gainst intriguing might,
and wrong soon sadly failed,
And treachery successfully the bold and
brave assailed,
Till forced to fly, and far away the exile's
grief to feel,
From all he loved and prized in life, was
hapless Hugh O'Neill.

Great chief, though cruel fate decreed
that thou, the wise and brave,
Shouldst sleep far from thy own fair isle
by Tiber's throbbing wave;
Though not amid the storied scenes of
stirring years gone by,
That saw thy proudest victories won, thy
hallowed ashes lie;
Though gone are now that noble race of
chiefs and clansmen all
Who answered oft on many a field Tir-Owen's battle call,
Yet while the seasons all obey Time's
fast revolving wheel,
In Irish hearts shall live thy fame, immortal Hugh O'Neill!

—*Hibernian Record.*

ENGLISH FREE TRADE.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison Continues to Bombard the "Soup House" Party With Proofs of the Fallacy of Low Tariff.

Democratic Leaders Ignore the Patriotic Teachings of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson.

Slavery and Free Trade Go Hand in Hand.

PART IV.

At the risk of becoming tedious I present herein a somewhat detailed acount of the criminal sacrifice of the prosperity which followed the tariff acts of 1824 and 1828, and the reverses which followed the abrogation of these measures. In all our history closer parallels cannot be found than those which present themselves in the scenes of misery and want which devastated the country after the enactment of the compromise of 1833, the low tariffs of 1846 and 1857, and the threatened repeal of the McKinley act of 1890. The traitorous nullification ordinance had failed through the sturdy patriotism of President Jackson, but its vile spirit survived and aided by the growing influence of English Free Trade, made itself felt to the injury of all our interests. It must be remembered that the British parliament of 1846 abolished all protective duties, and every effort of intrigue, diplomacy and bribery was resorted to for the purpose of inducing America to follow her example. From that time the Democratic party has been merely an ally of the English Free Traders. The patriotic teachings of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson are contemputously ignored and the political economy of the Cobden club has been adopted in their place. What wonder then is it that our industries are sacrificed and those of England preferred. But let us sketch the history of the Democratic tariffs and note their effects.

The Southern sentiment against Pro[illegible] pronounced as the belief gained ground that the prosperity of the North and its rapidly increasing population would interfere with the spread of slavery. Slavery and Free Trade always went hand in hand. The Southerns were soon joined by the time-serving doughfaces of the North, and in spite of protests and warnings by Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Clay and Webster, and their own personal experience, the protective tariff acts of 1824 and 1828 were repealed and the miserable compromise of 1833 was enacted. This act provided that by a sliding scale of one-tenth annually all duties in excess of 20 per cent should be abolished within a period of ten years. It is monotonous to be compelled to repeat the results which immediately followed, but "let the truth be told though the heavens fall." As has always been the case under like circumstances, financial depression, assignments and bankruptcies came thick and fast; these, of course, were accompanied by closing mills and factories, low wages, no wages, idleness, and then came the final crash in 1837, one of the most disastrous financial revulsions ever known on earth. Here is a specimen taken from Cotton's Life of Henry Clay:

"The ruin came quickly and fearfully. There were few that could save themselves. Property of every description was parted with at prices that were astounding, and as for the currency, there was scarcely any at all. In some parts of Pennsylvania the people were obliged to divide bank notes into halves, quarters, eighths, and so on, and agree from necessity to use them as money. In Ohio, with all her abundance, it was hard to get money to pay taxes. The sheriff of Muskingum county, as stated by the Guernsey *Times*, in the summer of 1842, sold at auction one four-horse wagon at $5.50; ten hogs at 6¼ cents each; two horses (said to be worth $50 to $75 each) at $2 each; two cows at $1 each; a barrel of sugar at $1.50, and a store of goods at that rate."

We hear without wonder that bank loans and discounts fell off more than one-half; that the money loss was $1,000,000,000; that prices went down to almost nothing, that farmers were without markets, with their products rotting in their barns. In the first six years after 1834 the revenue fell off 25 per cent and the government had to borrow money at high rates of interest to pay current expenses. Thus we see that this "tariff for revenue only" did not produce the revenue and that with prices so low that farmers were absolutely ruined starvation prevailed on every side. In 1841 W. H. Harrison was elected, but died after being in office about a month. Then came John Tyler, who was one of those selfish trimmers of which Gresham is the best, or worst, living type. Such men being utterly void of principle, with no object but their own sordid ambitions in view, are a curse to any country; they belong to no party and are ultimately hated by all, living detested and despised, and dying.

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

In 1842, the Whigs passed a high protective tariff act which Tyler, at the demand of the southern fire-eaters, vetoed; but congress being strongly Whig and hence Protection, promptly rebuked him by passing it over his head. Once again the confidence which had been destroyed was instantaneously restored "by the exercise of our legislative powers." Custom receipts increased 75 per cent over the last year of the compromise tariff of 1833, thus proving beyond dispute that a tariff for Protection is also the best for revenue. Henry Carey, one of the ablest and most American of all our political economists thus describes the change that took place:

"After four years of real prosperity under this tariff of 1842, how great was the change. Labor was everywhere in demand. Planters had large crops, and the domestic market was growing with a rapidity that promised better prices. The produce of the farm was in demand and prices had risen."

Of course, Mr. Carey being a Protectionist and therefore an advocate of American industry, will be doubted by the average Democrat of today, but here is an authority which even he will hardly dispute. President Polk, in his message of December, 1846, says:

"Labor in all its branches is receiving an ample reward; while education, science and the arts are rapidly enlarging the means of social happiness. The progress of our country in her career of greatness, not only in the vast extension of her territorial limits, and in the rapid increase of our population, but in resources and wealth, and in the happy condition of our people, is without an example in the history of nations."

Col. Benton, in his "Thirty Years" (Vol. II., page 591), tells us of the private and personal intrigue made by Mr. Polk in person, with the Southern leaders, by which he thoroughly satisfied them that he would be with them in matters relating to tariff, slavery extension, etc.; and Benton denounces this "intrigue" as "one of the most elaborate, complex and daring ever practiced in an intelligent country." Of course, this "intrigue" was not generally known, but was confined to a few managers in the South. They knew their man, however, and trusted him. He had voted against the tariff of 1828, which was favored by Jackson; he announced himself as steadily opposed to a protective policy; declared himself against the tariff of 1842, and required its repeal and the restoration of the Act of 1833.

Polk could not be elected without the vote of Pennsylvania, and to help the swindle G. M. Dallas of that grand old state and a professional Protectionist, was nominated for vice-president. But the Protectionists who had voted for Jackson must be fooled into the belief that their tariff of 1842 would not be disturbed. To convince the South that he was a Free-Trader and the North that he was not, was a difficult task, but it [illegible] days to write what became notorious in those days as the "Kane letter," and so well had he studied the Talleyrand maxim, that "language was invented to conceal ideas," that he actually succeeded in convincing the Pennsylvanians that he was a Protectionist, and the Southerners that he was a Free-Trader. The lying story was circulated that Clay was not reliable on Protection and that the only way to insure the continuance of the tariff of 1842 was to elect Polk. So the war-cry in the South was "Polk, Texas and Free Trade," while in the North it was "Polk, Dallas and the Tariff of '42!"

Polk and Dallas were elected, and at once the great fraud was discovered. Indeed there was no effort made to hide it. The very tariff law of '42, to the support of which they were pledged, was repealed in 1846 and to the eternal disgrace of Dallas and his party, when the vote of the senate was taken and was found equally divided, he, Dallas, gave the casting vote in favor of the repeal. "O shame, where was thy blush!"

That the Democratic party felt no shame at the perpetration of this double dyed treachery is proved by the following plank from the democratic platform of 1848:

"*Resolved*, That the fruits of the great political triumph of 1844, which elected James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, have fulfilled the hopes of the democracy of the Union, in the noble impulse given to the cause of Free Trade by the repeal of the tariff of 1842, and the creation of the more equal, honest and productive tariff of 1846; that the confidence of the democracy of the Union in the principles, capacity, firmness and integrity of James K. Polk manifested by his nomination and election in 1844, has been signally justified by the strictness of his adherence to sound democratic doctrines."

Nowhere, except in the history of the Democratic party can such open, brazen-faced hypocrisy and double-dealing be found.

A. L. MORRISON.

"MAVOURNEEN."

Mr. W. J. Scanlan's greatest success, "Mavourneen," will be at Hooley's, beginning Sunday night, March 12, and will be presented in the same elaborate manner that characterized its production in New York, during its famous run of over one year to packed and delighted houses. Chauncey Olcott has succeeded Mr. Scanlan, in the part of Terrence Dwyer in "Mavourneen," and all who have had the pleasure of seeing this charming play since the change, pronounce the part in infinitely better hands. Mr. Olcott's first appearance in New York could not be described as anything less than an ovation, and when his true merit was known, the capacity of the house was overtaxed. His great success, first attained in New York, has been continued throughout the country. Mr. Olcott was born in Buffalo, New York, and was a pupil of St. Joseph's parochial school of that city. He first embarked in the theatrical business under the tutelage of "Uncle Dick" Hooley.

In "Mavourneen," the new Irish comedy-drama, Ireland is not represented as a nation of peasants; on the contrary, the leading characters belong to the local gentry or the titled aristocracy of the country's capital. It is true Irish life, despite the absence of an unintelligible brogue and it all runs between the jig and a minuet. Terrence Dwyer, the hero of the play, is a character to win every sympathetic heart. He is a handsome, innocent, merry Irish lad in an Irish country home, full of pretty, tender ways that make rainbows of tears and smiles as he bends over and coddles his white-haired mother.

IRISH NEWS.

A new hotel is to be built in Tramore, which will be the largest structure of its kind in the South of Ireland.

Information was received at Millstreet on the 10th ult. of a sudden death at a wedding party which was held at Knocknalumon, in the adjoining parish of Rathmore. The name of the deceased was Timothy Hickey, a respectable farmer 60 years of age. It appears that deceased was just after partaking of dinner, and finding himself growing faint, he asked for a glass of water; after drinking it he made a move towards a adjacent room, and instantly fell dead.

The Tuam *Herald*, one of the leading journals of Western Ireland, publishes periodically most interesting historical sketches of the county Galway—its past, its people, its places. These admirable accounts of the old land, which are of the highest historical value and interest, are from the pen of the proprietor and editor, Mr. Richard J. Kelly, B. L., a member of the Society of Antiquaries.

The Cork *Herald* of Feb. 17 announces the death of Mr. Michael Ryan, J.P., of Bruree, who was at one time the central figure in a great political struggle. The Limerick election of 1850 was the first symptom of an awakening after the depression produced by the collapse of '48. Mr. Ryan, who was an extensive miller and landed proprietor and farmer, was selected as a candidate of the Tenant League, at the suggestion of Dr. Croke. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his "League of the North and South," gives a graphic account of this remarkable election: "A vigorous canvass was commenced through local meetings, and Mr. Ryan was everywhere well received. It was said that he would go to the house of commons dressed in frieze, woven in his own looms, as a typical representative of the interests and opinions of the people. The deputation made their duties very plain to the constituency. 'Give me,' said Dr. Croke, 'but twenty men such as he. Let them oppose every government hostile to Tenant Right. Let [illegible] unrelenting, and then I, for one, relieved from doubts which still, I must say, press heavily upon me with regard to the successful issue of this great movement, would account defeat almost impossible—victory all but certain.'" Mr. Ryan, aided by such men as Duffy, Lucas, Father Tom O'Shea, and Dr. Croke, made a gallant fight, but he was beaten. The Whig landlord was returned by a majority of eleven votes. The courage and spirit of self-sacrifice displayed by the people in those days can hardly be realized by the younger generation. The notice to quit was then a potent weapon, and was often remorselessly used. The utter apathy of the country after the famine, and the failure of '48, had a prejudicial effect upon the franchise, restricted as it was then, and the landlords had it pretty much their own way. Nevertheless, in Limerick as elsewhere, the poople, when called on, responded with extraordinary devotion and spirit.

The *Irish Independent* of Feb. 22 says: "The Rev. Father Michael Byrne, O.C.C., of the Carmellite church, Whitefriar street, Dublin, left Kingsbridge Tuesday morning by an early train to proceed to Queenstown, whence he sails for New an York, where he has been appointed for indefinite period to the assistant pastorship of the Carmellite church, by the authority of his order. Father Byrne, who is quite a young man, was born at Keatingstown, county Wicklow, and had for a considerable time established for himself a reputation as a preacher of a high order. A gold watch and chain was presented to him on the eve of his departure from Dublin, as a parting mark of the high esteem and kindly feelings which his friends entertained for him."

Mrs. Catherine Grady, of Portroe, near Nenagh, died recently at the age of 100 years. She possessed all her faculties up to the hour of her death.

At a meeting of the Dublin branch of the Irish Industrial League, on Feb. 7, it was pointed out that the knives made by cutlers in Dublin were superior in quality and finish and much less expensive than those imported from England, and yet butchers and provision dealers preferred the foreign article. If the Dublin made cutlery were properly supported, both Mr. Byrne and Mr. Flanagan, of Chancery row, could employ a great many more employes than they had at present. The meeting adopted the following resolution: "That the victuallers' body of Dublin and all others requiring cutlery be asked to give their orders for Irish cutlery, and help to keep up the few Irish industries we have. We ask for the advice and support of all interested."

RECENT DEATHS—The following death notices appear in our Irish exchanges:

At Clarinda Park, Kingstown, Miss Nina Ryan, daughter of the late John D. Ryan, of Florence and the county Tipperary.

At Thornogs, Dunleer, Feb. 3, Joseph Murphy, son of the late John Murphy.

Dr. Francis J. Tuohy, resident physicirn of the Cork Fever Hospital, died on Feb. 12. He was originally in the Indian Medical Service, having obtained an appointment after securing his degree in the Cork Queen's College.

Matthew Fenton, Thorafield, county Louth, died Feb. 5, aged 100 years.

Robert William Cole died at the Adelaide Hospital, Dublin, on Feb. 9, while under the influence of an anæsthetic.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONCLUDED.]

Owen, as we said, was prompt in following up his determinations. After breakfast they saw the agent and his father, for both lived together. Old Rogerson had been very intimately acquainted with the McCarthy's, and, as Frank had anticipated, used his influence with the agent in procuring for the son of his old friend and acquaintance the farm which he sought.

"Jack," said the old gentleman, "you don't probably know the history and character of the Tubber Derg McCarthys so well as I do. No man ever required the written bond of a McCarthy; and it was said of them, and is said still, that the widow and orphan, the poor man or the stranger, never sought their assistance in vain. I myself will go security, if necessary, for Owen McCarthy."

"Sir," said Owen, "I'm thankful to you; I'm grateful to you. But I wouldn't take the farm, or bid for it at all, unless I could bring forrid enough to stock it as I wish, an' to lay in all that's wantin' to work it well. It 'ud be useless for me to take it—to struggle a year or two—impoverish the land—an' thin run away out of it. No, no; I have what'll put me upon it wid dacency and comfort."

"Then, since my father has taken such an interest in you, McCarthy, you must have the farm. We shall get leases prepared, and the business completed in a few days; for I go to Dublin on this day week. Father, I now remember the character of this family; and I remember, too, the sympathy which was felt for one of them, who was harshly ejected, about seventeen or eighteen years ago, out of the lands on which his forefathers had lived, I understand, for centuries."

"I am that man, Sir," returned Owen. "It's too long a story to tell now; but it was only out o' part of the lands, Sir, that I was put. What I held was but a poor patch compared to what the family held in my grandfather's time. A great part of it went out of our hands at his death."

"It was very kind of you, Misther Rogerson, to offer to go security for him," said Frank; "but if security was wantin', Sir, I'd not be willin' to let anybody but myself back him. I'd go all I'm worth in the world—an' by my sowl, double as much—for the same man."

"I know that, Frank, an' I thank you; but I could put security in Mr. Rogerson's hands, here, if it was wanted. Good mornin', an' thank you both gintlemin. To tell yez the thruth," he added, with a smile, "I long to be among my ould friends—manin' the people, an' the hills, an' the green fields of Tubber Derg—agin'; an' thanks be to Goodness, sure I will soon."

In fact, wherever Owen went, within the bounds of his native parish, his name, to use a significant phrase of the people, was before him. His arrival at Frank Farrell's was now generally known by all his acquaintances, and the numbers who came to see him were almost beyond belief. During the two or three successive days he went among his old "cronies;" and no sooner was his arrival at any particular house intimated than the neighbors all flocked to him. Scythes were left idle, spades were stuck in the earth, and work neglected for the time being; all crowded about him with a warm and friendly interest, not proceeding from idle curiosity, but from affection and respect for the man.

The interview between him and the Widow Murray's children was affecting. Owen felt deeply the delicate and touching manner in which they had evinced their gratitude for the services he had rendered them; and young Murray remembered, with a strong gush of feeling, the distresses under which they lay when Owen had assisted them. Their circumstances, owing to the strenuous exertions of the widow's eldest son, soon afterwards improved; and, in accordance with the sentiments of hearts naturally grateful, they had taken that method of testifying what they felt. Indeed, so well had Owen's unparalleled affection for his favorite child been known, that it was the general opinion about Tubber Derg that her death had broken his heart.

"Poor Owen! he's dead," they used to say; "the death of his weeny one, while he was away in Dublin, gave him the finishin' blow. It broke his heart."

Before the week was expired, Owen had the satisfaction of depositing the lease of his new farm, held at a moderate rent, in the hands of Frank Farrell; who, tying it up along with his own, secured it in the "black chest." Nothing remained now but to return home forthwith, and communicate the intelligence to Kathleen. Frank had promised, as soon as the Lacys should vacate the house, to come with a long train of cars, and a number of his neighbors, in order to transfer Owen's family and furniture to his new dwelling. Everything, therefore, had been arranged; and Owen had nothing to do but hold himself in readiness for the welcome arrival of Frank and his friends.

Owen, however, had no sense of enjoyment when not participated in by his beloved Kathleen. If he felt sorrow, it was less as a personal feeling than as a calamity to her. If he experienced happiness, it was doubly sweet to him as reflecting from his Kathleen. All this was mutual between them. Kathleen loved Owen precisely as he loved Kathleen. Nor let our readers suppose that such characters are not in humble life. It is in humble life, where the springs of feeling are not corrupted by dissimulation and evil knowledge—that the purest, and tenderest, and strongest virtues are to be found.

As Owen approached his home, he could not avoid contrasting the circumstances of his return now with those under which, almost broken hearted, after his journey to Dublin, he presented himself to his sorrowing and bereaved wife about eighteen years before. He raised his hat, and thanked God for the success which had, since that period, attended him, and, immediately after his silent thanksgiving, entered the house.

His welcome, our readers may be assured, was tender and affectionate. The whole family gathered about him, and, on his informing them that they were once more about to reside on a farm adjoining to their beloved Tubber Derg, Kathleen's countenance brightened, and the tear of delight gushed to her eyes.

"God be praised, Owen," she exclaimed; "we will have the ould place afore our eyes, an' what is betther, we will be near where Alley is lyin'. But that's true, Owen," she added, "did you give the light of our hearts the mother's message?"

Owen paused, and his features were slightly overshadowed, but only by the solemnity of the feeling.

"Kathleen," said he, "I gave her your message; but, avourneen, I have sthrange news for you about Alley."

"What, Owen? What is it, acushla? Tell me quick!"

"The blessed child was not neglected: no, but she was honored in our absence. A headstone was put over her, an' stands there purtily this minute."

"Mother of Glory, Owen!"

"Its thruth. Widow Murray an' her son Jemmy put it up, wid words upon it that brought the tears to my eyes. Widow Murray is dead, but her childhre's doin' well. May God bless and prosper them, an' make her happy!"

The delighted mother's heart was not proof against the widow's gratitude, expressed, as it had been, in a manner so affecting. She rocked herself to and fro in silence, while the tears fell in showers down her cheeks. The grief, however, which this affectionate couple felt for their child was not always such as the reader has perceived it to be. It was rather a revival of emotions that had long slumbered, but never died; and the associations arising from the journey to Tubber Derg, had thrown them back, by the force of memory, almost to the period of her death. At times, indeed, their imagination had conjured her up strongly, but the present was an epoch in the history of their sorrow.

There is little more to be said. Sorrow was soon succeeded by cheerfulness and the glow of expected pleasure, which is ever the more delightful as the pleasure is pure. In about a week their old neighbors, with their carts and cars arrived; and before the day was closed on which Owen removed to his new residence, he found himself once more sitting at his own hearth, among the friends of his youth, and the companions of his maturer years. Ere the twelve months elapsed he had his house perfectly white, and as nearly resembling that of Tubber Derg in its better days as possible. About two years (it is unnecessary to add that years have passed since this date was given) ago we saw him one evening in the month of June, as he sat on a bench beside the door, singing with a happy heart his favorite song of "Colleen dhas crootha na mo." It was about an hour before sunset. The house stood on a gentle eminence, beneath which a sweep of green meadow stretched away to the skirts of Tubber Derg. Around him was a country naturally fertile, and in spite of the national depression still beautiful to contemplate. Kathleen and two servant maids were milking, and the whole family were assembled about the door.

"Well, childhre," said the father, "didn't I tell yez the bitther mornin' we left Tubber Derg, not to cry or be disheartened—that 'there was a good God above, who might do something for us yet? I never did give up my trust in Him, an' I never will. You see, afther all our little troubles, He has wanst more brought us together, an' made us happy. Praise an' glory to His name!"

I looked at him as he spoke. He had raised his eyes to heaven, and a gleam of elevated devotion, perhaps worthy of being called sublime, irradiated his features. The sun, too, in setting, fell upon his broad temples and iron-gray locks, with a light solemn and religious. The effect to me, who knew his noble character, and all that he had suffered, was as if the eye of God then rested upon the decline of a virtuous man's life with approbation;—as if he had lifted up the glory of his countenance upon him. Would that many of His thoughtless countrymen had been present! They might have blushed for their crimes, and been content to sit and learn wisdom at the feet of Owen McCarthy.

[THE END.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The *Daily Independent* of Feb. 2 has the following: "For some weeks past the Catholic young men of Athy have been engaged in organizing a society to promote a taste for literature among all classes in the town. The society which has now been started is entirely non-political. The spacious old school rooms at Stanhope place have been kindly placed at the disposal of the members by the Very Rev. Canon Germaine, P. P., and the Christion Brothers have offered the use of their splendid library. A large, well lighted reading room has been fitted up. Part of the premises will be turned into a gymnasium, and Messrs. Coghlan, Dublin, are supplying a first-rate billiard tabel. The society promises to be a great success, and was much needed in the town."

The Complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

The body of Patrick Saunders was found floating in the Lee, at Cork. Deceased, who was 75 years of age, was a harbor pilot in comfortable circumstances, residing at Rochespoint. For many years he was the pilot who attended the American liners on entering the harbor. There was no mark of violence on the body, or any suggestion whatever of foul play.

A co-operative creamery will soon be storted in Grangemockler, near Carrick-on-Suir.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track bet ween ilwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, ilwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and inneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

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No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

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ROSEBERY IN CHARGE.

HE SUCCEEDS GLADSTONE AS PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

The Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State for India and Lord President of the Council, to Succeed Rosebery as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

LONDON, March 5.--Lord Rosebery is now premier in place of Gladstone, whose resignation has been accepted by Queen Victoria. Lord Rosebery spent the morning conferring with the cabinet ministers and apparently based upon this conference there is in circulation a report to the effect that the Rt. Hon. John Morley will retain his position as chief secretary for Ireland. The cabinet situation is complicated by the death of Baron Tweedmouth, father of the Rt. Hon. Majoribanks, the Liberal whip who may be made a cabinet minister, his name being prominently mentioned in connection with the office of secretary of state for India. This would add another peer to the cabinet and still further enrage the Radicals, who have already declared their intention to upset the government should a peer be made premier. One of the sisters of the new Baron Tweedmouth is the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the governor general of Canada.

Rosebery's Successor.

It is said to be definitely settled that the Earl of Kimberley, secretary of state for India and lord president of the council, will become secretary of state for foreign affairs in succession to Lord Rosebery. The house of lords met at 1:30 p. m. There were many ladies present in the galleries. The royal assent was given to the local government bill. The queen's speech was then read and the house adjourned. The queen's speech prorogues parliamentis purely formal, only fifteen lines in length, and begins: "Upon this occasion, when your labors have been unprecedented in amount and duration, I regret that your release from them will be little more than nominal." The queen then thanks the commons for the supplies granted and concludes with the remark that she anticipates lasting advantages from the laws enacted. Mr. Gladstone was busy with his secretaries all the morning and received many callers in addition. Among those who conferred with him were Sir Henry Ponsonby, the queen's private secretary and Justin McCarthy, the leader of the Irish Nationalist party.

Labouchere Remained Behind.

When the speaker, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Wellesly Peel, and the members of the house of commons were summoned to the house of lords in order to hear the queen's speech, Henry Labouchere and a few Radicals remained behind. Later the queen's speech was also read in the house of commons and that body adjourned. Interest now seems to center in the attitude of the Parnellite party, as the position of the McCarthyites is said to be settled, they to rely upon the government to give proper attention of Irish legislation in due course of time.

The followers of Labouchere seem to have dwindled to a very insignificant number; in fact, it is claimed that the distinguished Radical now has only two followers. The Parnellites who, it is said, would act with the Radicals are more numberous; but John Redmond, their leader, adroitly refuses to commit himself in any way, and thus remains master of the situation. The McCarthyites, it is claimed, are not in a position to enforce any demands.

Corbett Not Guilty.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 3.—The jury in the case against James J. Corbett, charged with violating the laws of Florida by engaging in a prize-fight, retired to make up a verdict. Sixteen minutes later the jury returned and the foreman handed the verdict to the state's attorney which read: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty." This means that the case against Mitchell and the members of the athletic club will be nolle prossed.

Disreputables Must Leave Lincoln.

ST. LOUIS, Mar. 1.—A special to The Post-Dispatch from Lincoln, Neb., says: In accordance with orders issued by Mayor Wier every gambling place and disreputable resort here will be closed. Already the gamblers and fallen women are leaving. The police will arrest every one found in a prohibited resort and enter names correctly. Property owners renting for prohibited purposes will be punished.

New President of Brazil.

NEW YORK, March 3.—A Herald special dispatch from Rio Janeiro says: Senhor Prudente Morass was elected president of Brazil and Senhor Victorino Periera vice president. Rio presents a deserted appearance, so many persons having fled to escape the yellow fever and many of the foreign ships in the bay have sailed away for the same reason.

Opera House Burned.

NORTH BALTIMORE, O., March 1.—Fire broke out on the stage of Henry's Opera house and spread with great rapidity. The opera house and entire block with all contents were entirely consumed. Loss $100,000, divided up as follows: Dr. Henry, $60,000; Orville McDowell, $15,000; Bushong & Spitler, $25,000. Insurance $30,000 on the whole property.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

ST. LOUIS, Mar. 1.—A special to The Post Dispatch from Glasgow, Ala., says Jesse Hickman, a farmer, cut down a tree near his home while his two daughters were standing near. The falling tree struck both girls, killing one instantly and so injuring the other that she died. The old man has become insane.

Belongs to the Mormons.

KANSAS CITY, March 5.—The famous "temple lot," a sacred piece of Mormon soil in Independence for which the Mormons have been fighting in the courts, has been decided to be the property of the Mormons. The decision was given by Judge Phillips in the district court.

The Pope's 84th Birthday.

ROME, March 2.—The pope celebrated his 84th birthday and the sixteenth anniversary of his coronation. Cardinal Raffaele Monaco La Valletta, on behalf of the Sacred college offered his holiness congratulations, and the pope, who was in good health, expressed his thanks.

Fourteen Fishermen Drowned.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Mar. 1.—News has reached here of the loss of the fishing schooner Henrietta and ten of the crew. The schooner Resolute also lost four of her crew.

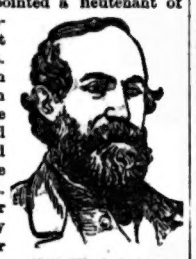
Died of Hiccoughs.

NEWARK, N. J., March 3.—John Carberry died of hiccoughs. It was thirteen weeks ago since the disease attacked him

GENERAL JUBAL EARLY DEAD.

The Famous Confederate Cavalry Commander Yields to the Silent Reaper.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 5.—General Jubal A. Early is dead. He had been ill some time, the result of falling on the steps of the postoffice in this city. Jubal Anderson Early, who was in his 75th year, was a Virginian by birth. He was graduated at the United States Military academy in 1837, appointed a lieutenant of artillery and assigned to duty at Fort Monroe, Va. He saw service in the Florida war in 1837-8 and in the latter year resigned from the army and began the practice of law in Virginia. During the war with Mexico Early served as major general of a regiment of Virginian volunteers and also acting governor of Monterey in May and June of 1847. After the disbanding of the army he again returned to the practice of law. At the beginning of the civil war he entered the Confederate service as a colonel and commanded a brigade at Bull Run, and in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, was mortally wounded according to first reports. He recovered, however, and was promoted to the brigadier generalship.



GEN. JUBAL EARLY. (In 1865)

On Oct. 19 General Early surprised the national forces at Cedar Creek in the absence of General Sheridan, twenty miles away, but the Union cavalry general, by riding hard, reached the scene, rallied his army, and gained a decisive victory, General Early losing the greater part of his artillery and trains. In March, 1865, Early was totally routed by General Custer at Waynesboro, and a few days later he was relieved by General Lee from command in the valley. After the close of the war General Early spent some time in Europe and on his return resumed his law practice in Richmond. He subsequently took up his residence in New Orleans, alternately with Lynchburg, Va., where, with General Beauregard, he became a manager of the Louisiana State lottery.

BEGINS HIS PRISON LIFE.

McKane Marches to Breakfast with His Hands on a Horsethief's Shoulder.

SING SING, N. Y., March 3.—When the convicts in Sing Sing prison were marched from their cells to the lower deck the last man on the line was John Y. McKane. His hands rested on the shoulders of a horsethief from New York. McKane with his companions filed into the large breakfast room and sat down on a rude wooden stool. In front of him was a tin cup with a pint of black coffee, made of burned bread crusts and two slices of unbuttered bread. This was McKane's first breakfast in prison. Unlike "Biff" Ellison and Francis Weeks, McKane ate his breakfast. As soon as breakfast was over McKane was marched to the clothing shop where he was placed in the hands of the instructor, who was to give him his first lesson in cutting trousers. McKane spent a sleepless night in his cell and was one of the first men up when the gong was sounded in his gallery.

IOWA WOMEN DEFEATED.

The State Senate Votes Against Suffrage for the Fair Sex.

DES MOINES, Mar. 1.—In the senate presentation of petitions occupied the attention of the first half hour. The woman suffrage advocates sent in most of the petitions with over 8,000 signers, asking equal suffrage rights for women. This was intended to influence the action on the bill. As the hour for the vote drew near, women crowded the galleries and the floor of the senate. The time set was 10:30. The question was Jamison's joint resolution for an amendment to the constitution granting women the right to vote at all elections and hold any office in the state. The amendment was defeated—26 to 20.

DEATH OF JUDGE M'DILL.

A College Mate of Ex-President Harrison Passes Away.

CRESTON, Ia., March 1.—The end has come to the life of Judge J. W. McDill, of the interstate commerce commission, as forehadowed in these dispatches yesterday. He was born March 4, 1834, and was a college mate of General Benjamin Harrison at the Miama (O.) university. His whole life was spent in the profession of the law, and he has been circuit and supreme judge in this state. He also served in the United States senate for the unexpired term of Kirkwood when the latter went into the cabinet. He had been from the first a supporter of the interstate commerce law.

Explosion in a Powder Works.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 5.—An explosion occurred in the barre works of the Moosic Powder works. One man, Thomas Weir, was killed. Archie Diamond and Dewitt Stanton were seriously injured. The force of the explosion was terrific, nearly every pain of glass in the windows of the house in the Moosic was broken. The entire end of the building was blown to pieces, and there is danger of the remaining part of the structure collapsing.

Express Agent Shot Dead.

OMAHA, March 5.—Gould Still, night operator for the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad, at Hay Springs, Neb., was shot and killed by some unknown person. Still was agent for the American Express company, and L. R. Garner, general superintendent, offers a reward of $300 for the arrest of the murderer. If robbery was the object it was a failure, for not a cent was secured.

Seven Thousand Miners Resume Work.

BALTIMORE, March 6.—A special to The News from Wheeling, W. Va., says: All the miners in the Ohio sub-district No. 6, over 7,000 in number, have agreed to return to work pending a settlement of the wage question by arbitration. Committees of the miners and operators will meet Wednesday to appoint arbitrators. The operators are holding out for a 50-cent scale.

Congressman Wilson Better.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Consul General Crittenden telegraphed from the City of Mexico that Congressman Wilson's temperature was normal, his general condition good, and that his convalescence was sure if he was not imprudent. He is out of danger.

Missouri Postoffice Robbed.

DESOTO, March 6.—The DeSoto postoffice was burglarized. The safe was blown open and $250 in money and $1,700 in stamps were taken

VICTORY FOR MR. BLAND

THE HOUSE PASSES HIS SILVER SEIGNIORAGE BILL.

Some Slight Changes Made in the Original Bill by Bland Just Before Its Passage—Alleged Violation of the Civil Service Law by Secretary Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—In the house the regular order was the vote on the adoption of the special order to limit debate on the seignoirage bill to two hours, on which the quorum had failed to unite, and the clerk called the roll. Exactly a quorum voted and the special order was adopted—166 to 13. The long struggle was over and a vote upon Bland's bill was assured. Immediately upon the announcement of the vote the speaker declared that in accordance with the provisions of the order just adopted the bill would be open for debate and amendment for two hours. Bland was recognized and offered a substitute for the original bill.

Provisions of the Bill.

The first section of the substitute is identical with the first section of the original bill, except that the coinage is to proceed as fast as "possible" and "practicable." The substitute for the second section reads: "After the coinage provided for in the first section (the seigniorage) the remainder of the silver bullion purchased in pursuance of the act of July 14, 1890, shall be coined into legal tender standard silver dollars as far as possible, and the coin shall be held for redemption of the treasury notes issued against such bullion. As fast as the bullion shall be coined for the redemption of said notes, the notes shall not be reissued but shall be cancelled in amounts equal to coin held derived from coinage herein provided for and silver certificates shall be issued on such coin in the manner now provided for by law; provided that this act shall not be construed to change existing law relating to the legal tender character or mode of redemption of existing treasury notes under the act of 1890. Sufficient sum of money is appropriated to carry into effect the provisions of the act."

A number of amendments to the bill were voted down, and at 2:50 the voting on the Bland substitute was begun and resulted yeas, 167: nays, 130.

In the Senate.

There was only a slim attendance of Democrats in the senate. Among other petitions and memorials presented was one by George asking for an amendment to the constitution acknowledging the dependence of the country on Almighty God. Manderson, from the committee on rules offered a resolution authorizing the secretary of war to investigate the feasibility of using the water power at Great Falls or Little Falls in the District of Columbia for the generation of electricity for lighting the public buildings and the streets of Washington. It was agreed to.

Vest, after coming from the finance committee, moved that when the senate adjourned it be to meet on Monday. The motion was adopted. This means that the tariff bill will not be reported before next week.

CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

The Commission Sends to the Senate Alleged Violations of the Act.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The civil service commission has transmitted to the senate in response to a resolution of inquiry a statement of investigation since March 4, 1889, of various alleged violations of the civil service law by officers appointed by the president. The feature of the report is an attack on Secretary Carlisle and the treasury department for wholesale violation of the civil service requirements contained in a report by Commissioner Roosevelt to the commission under date of Jan. 24. Commissioner Roosevelt says:

"In view of the position taken by the secretary it seems useless further to discuss the matter with him, and I recommend that the case be brought to the attention of the president. On Nov. 11 the secretary in effect takes the position that it is not a violation of the civil service law to remove a man for political reasons."

Presidential Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, March. 1.—The president has sent the following nominations of postmasters to the senate: Illinois—Charles M. Golden, at Minook; Michael J. Henaughan, DeKalb; William H. Barbour, Chillicothe; Lewis H. O'Connor, Austin; Edward W. Duval, Lewiston; John A. Sweeney, Harvard; Joseph F. Henderson, Alado; Maurice D. Brown, Normal; James Kelagher; Dwight; Elijah T. Eads, Knoxville; Milton M. Meacham, Waverly; William Crimmin, Yorkville. Indiana—William E. Jackson, Winamac. Iowa—Martin Barrett, Dunlap; William E. Lewis, Chariton; F. R. McCarthy, Jefferson; G. E. McFall, Oskaloosa; P. J. Clark, Greene.

SEVEN QUARRYMEN BURIED.

One Dug Out Alive but Fatally Hurt—Others Probably Dead.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., March 2.—While seven quarrymen were at work in the slate quarry of Owen T. Williams & Sons, at Williamstown, Lehigh county, the top caved in, burying Joseph Reamley, Samuel Kreitz, Griffith O. Prichard, William R. Jones and three Hungarians. Jones was dug out alive, but he is fatalty hurt. The rescuing party can speak with Reamley, but the others are probably killed. A large gang of quarrymen is pushing the work of rescue.

The Trouble in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, March 5.—News has reached here that no less than 600 armed men are on the road from Eagle to Fayetteville with the avowed purpose of killing Wyant as he is being taken by the sheriff to the jail at Fayetteville. Wyant has telegraphed to the governor for a military guard and it has been promised him. Governor MacCorkle has sent a messenger on an engine to investigate the threats made of killing Wyant. The sheriff decided that he must take Wyant to Fayetteville before the preliminary trial.

Conflagration at Deadwood.

DEADWOOD, S. D., March 5.—Fire broke out here in Fashold's saloon and destroyed all that part of the city lying between the center of Main street and Chinatown. There was no wind blowing at the time or the whole city would have been destroyed. As it is the best portion is in ruins. The loss at a rough estimate will reach over $150,000.

Death of the "Danbury Man."

DANBURY, Conn., March 5.—James Montgomery Bailey, the famous Danbury news editor and originator of "American Domestic Humor," died of pneumonia yesterday.

DASTARDLY PLOTS

Indulged In by the West Virginia Miners.

PLANS FOR MURDER BY WHOLESALE

Wyant, the Man Who Refused to Concede the Strikers' Demands, to Have Been a Victim and a Slaughter of Militia by Dynamite to Have Followed—Devilish Schemes to Take Human Life Hatched and Baffled.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., March 6.—Developments in the mine troubles are sensational. A conspiracy of a startling nature is being unearthed. A man has been arrested on Morris creek with two Winchesters and a peculiar looking dynamite bomb in his possession. He said he would turn state's evidence and confess to a plot that is being hatched to blow up all the works along the river. He said also that he knew where a great deal of dynamite was being stored for this purpose. Governor McCorkle received the news from Major Banks, who commands at Eagle, and later the "squealer" was brought to this city. He said he was engaged in the attack on Wyant's tipple; had attended all the meetings of the rioters, and knew all of their plans.

The Malcontents at Montgomery.

Sunday night the governor received incendiary statements from a man purporting to be acting as mayor of Montgomery. They were to the effect that the military posse of the sheriff had no right to accompany the sheriff within corporate limits of the town of Montgomery. This course would nullify the power of the sheriff of the county. No notice was taken of the statements. Things have developed now showing that there was a deep seated plan arranged to violate the law. The riot at Acme was carefully planned and was only frustrated by the action of the authorities. The strikers took to Acme twenty-seven large dynamite cartridges to blow up the works and destroy the stores.

An Infamous Outrage Plotted.

From the story the man arrested tells and from other sources of information the following are stated to be the facts: At the meetings of the miners within the past three days arrangements were made with the connivance of certain people to arrest Wyant, the obnoxious mine operator, take him to Montgomery and turn him over to the mob of miners. His life would not have been worth a penny. In addition to this when the soldiers came accompanying the sheriff in making his arrests at Montgomery dynamite cartridges already distributed were to be lighted with lighted cigars and thrown among the troops and posse, maiming and killing the members thereof. One of these dynamite cartridges is in the possession of the governor.

The "Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men."

But these very pretty plans were not carried out, because one man was on guard. And that man was very necessary to the success of the mob. His name was Wyant. He was arrested, all right, on a warrant sworn out before 'Squire Adkins, whose son was one of the ringleaders in the strike, and for whom a warrant has been issued for murder. But when the four constables attempted to take Wyant to Montgomery he resisted, and told them that he was perfectly willing to go to Fayetteville, where he could have some sort of a show, but he did not propose to be taken to Montgomery for the purpose of being killed by a mob.

ANOTHER PLOT GOES WRONG.

The Military Being the Cog in the Wheel of Conspiracy.

The determination of Wyant made necessary a change of plans. So it was plotted to lie in wait on the road to Fayetteville and kill Wyant on the way, the road being a lonely one. But again Wyant proved himself equal to the occasion and called for a military guard which was promptly supplied. The constables then made a new tack. They demanded that the prisoner be turned over to them and tried to take him. This resulted in the arrest of one of them for murder, and Wyant went under military protection. It is known that the road was lined with rioters and that the militia guard was all that saved Wyant's life en route.

The authorities have got to the bottom of the villainy and declare that the facts given above are facts. The attack on Wyant's mine was prearranged, and next day the rioters, had they been successful there, would have attacked Edgewater, an adjacent mine where the men were at work. The resistance at Wyant and the prompt sending of troops baffled all these plans, and there is deep indignation against the men immediately engaged and the civil authorities at Montgomery who have aided and abetted this attempt to establish a reign of terror.

Vigorous measures have been taken to arrest the men engaged in this dastardly business and very soon the principal leaders in this dreadful attempt will be arrested. The prompt action of the state authorities has had a good effect, but there is no telling what a day may bring forth. The strikers are perfectly lawless and care nothing what the means so their ends are gained. This story has the full belief of the state officials and is given to the Associated Press under their full sanction.

Hot Fight at Normal, Ills.

NORMAL, March 6.—A red-hot and exciting election held in Normal decided the question of abandoning the present iron-bound prohibitory special charter and reorganizing under the general law. The old charter and prohibition won, 303 to 167. J. S. Courtright was elected president of the board of village trustees. The vote was the largest ever polled.

Evangelist Charged with Bigamy.

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6.—John Woodhall, an evangelist who has been conducting a series of revival meetings here, has been taken into custody on the charge of bigamy. It is alleged that Woodhall married one wife in Port Huron and another in Detroit. Both women told the story of their respective marriages. He was held.

Gov. Altgeld Home Again.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 6.—Governor Altgeld arrived home from Hot Springs, Ark., today and took charge of the executive office. Lieutenat Governor Gill leaves for Murphysboro this afternoon.

Fithian Wins the Primary.

ROBINSON, Ill., March 6.—In the Democratic primary Fithian, for congress, had a majority of 1,208 over R. E. Hamil.

Kossuth's Condition Improved.

TURIN, March 6.—The condition of Louis Kossuth is improved

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

The receipts of gold at the Denver mint for this month will be about $218,000, breaking the record by several thousand dollars.

Adolphus Adcock was found guilty at Aurora, Ills., of attempting to kill his sweetheart, and was sentenced to eight years in the Joliet penitentiary.

The Farmers' and Merchants' bank has been organized at Assumption, Ills., by Robert W. Frank and R. and Ervel W. Haight, and will open for business March 1st.

Isaac Wrench, a Beatty, O., glassworker, is looking for his wife and $12, which he gave her to settle a grocery bill. The woman leaves three small children.

M. Picard, the French commissioner general for the Paris exposition of 1900, already has 100 clerks at work.

Frank Stephens of Hammond, Ind., has sued the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad for $30,000 damages for injuries received by being run down by a passenger train at a crossing.

* * *

W. T. Purcell of Scotland Neck, N. C., is cultivating lands granted to his progenitors by King George.

When John T. Prior of Noblesville, Ind., saw a son injured in a fight he dropped dead of heart disease.

Rev. John T. Kellam of Norwalk, O., one of the oldest Methodist preachers in that state, has become insane.

Ed Lowther of Cadillac, Mich., was found dead in a lumber camp. A blood vessel had burst as the result of an old injury.

The shortage of William H. Headly of Lexington, Ky., who is accused of duplicating warehouse receipts, has been increased to $60,000.

Burglars at Pike's Crossing, Ind., robbed the postoffice of stamps and looted John Caldwell's store.

The Missouri supreme court has sustained the law making it a felony for a bank officer to receive deposits when the bank is failing.

* * *

The Rodefer & Hoffman widow glass factory at Elwood, Ind., employing 300 men, has resumed on a small scale and will make an effort to run.

George Denver, an old resident of Leroy, Ills., shot and killed himself.

The postoffice and several stores were robbed at Center Point, Ind.

Governor McKinley will speak at the meeting of the Minnesota League of Republican League clubs in Minneapolis March 28.

Dr. R. W. English, who died in Kansas City the other day, was at one time Lincoln's roommate and a personal friend of General Shields, Lyman Trumbull and Stephen A. Douglass.

Four dogs at Yankton, S. D., have had hydrophobia, and a wholesale slaughter of canines has been ordered.

The Eastern Telegraph company has sent out a notification that telegrams for Bahia, Brazil, can be accepted, but only at the sender's risk, as they are likely to be detained.

* * *

The infant child of Charles Monser, of Middlesborough, Ky., was burned to death in the absence of its mother.

The will of Martin Sachs was probated in San Francisco. It disposes of a $2,000,000 estate to his widow and children.

Charles Mahar, Elwood Mengle, James Kramer, Lewis White, and William Ervine, five of the seven men imprisoned in the Boston Slope mine, Ashland, Pa., have been rescued alive.

Charley Brown shot and killed J. W. McIntyre in Canton, Miss., while defending his sister, who was McIntyre's wife.

The Alton has adopted the electric headlight system. Each light cost $375, but experience has shown they are a profitable investment.

Walter J. Thompson, president Merchant's National bank, which failed last July; Henry Drum, vice president; Samuel Collyer, cashier, and S. J. Davis, assistant cashier, were indicted by the United States grand jury in Tacoma, Wash.

* * *

Miss Virginia Bonynge, the American heiress, is about to be married to Viscount Deerhurst. Elaborate preparations have been made for a reception afterward.

Judge Fullerton, at Corvallis, Wash., has ordered the sale of the Oregon Pacific railroad at a date not later than June 1. Bidders will be required to make a deposit of $200,000.

Natural gas has been found in large quantities near Fairfield, Ia.

At McComb, O., a Nickel Plate train was stopped while the crew tried to save the life of a woman whose clothing was afire.

Ex-Postmaster General John Wanamaker is said to have purchased the handsomest private house in Philadelphia, and will occupy it as his residence.

A new bridge is to be built at St. Paul. It will cost $1,500,000 and will be located at South St. Paul, six miles from the city.

A reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Birmingham, April 25 and 26.

* * *

The 2-year-old son of John Ringers was burned to death at Paine, Ills.

Officer McCann of Freeport, Ill., shot John Grubb, who was resisting arrest. He will recover.

Minister Runyon has won already the proud distinction of the finest whist player in Bertin.

The present parliamentary session is the longest ever known in modern times.

Henry W. Bohmer, bookkeeper of the Western bank, Louisville, Ky., committed suicide by shooting. He was formerly cashier of the German National bank there.

Quinine for the million is being circulated in Bengal, thanks to the government scheme of supplying small cheap packets of the drug at village postoffices.

Esau Baltimore, a negro, killed Mrs. Lillie Turner (also colored) at Roslyn, Wash., because she refused to fulfill her promise to marry him.

Henry Irving will address the students of Harvard the afternoon of March 15.

The suit of Decker Mullins and Berry and the Kansas National bank against the city of Topeka for $216,000 has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for $82,772.

Mary Frazier, an unmarried colored woman living in San Francisco, is reputed to be the wealthiest person of her race in the United States.

Fred Van Allen was killed by a falling tree near his home at Epworth, Ills.

A leading lawyer of London is responsible for the statement that Henry Labouchre has paid out $150,000 in defending libel suits.

Zimmerman, the amateur bicyclist, is about to blossom out as a professional.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NEWS NOTES GATHERED FOR OUR ILLINOIS READERS.

Some of the Principal Events Which Have Taken Place in the State Reported by Telegraph and Prepared for Our Own People—Crimes, Casualties, Etc.

GALESBURG, Ills., March 4.—The trial of James Butts for the abduction and seduction of Eliza Cherrington closed in the circuit court here, and the verdict sends Butts to Joliet for ten years. The Butts family and Cherringtons were among the most influential families of eastern Knox county. They were near neighbors. Seventeen years ago Butts, who was then 26, started to church with Eliza Cherrington, who was 12 years old. They disappeared; no word has ever been heard from the girl and Butts has been a fugitive from justice. The opinion prevails that he killed her.

Last November Butts was arrested, tried for abduction and seduction, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. His lawyers secured a new trial. This has occupied the week and the court room has been jammed to the door at every session. Butts' friends tried to break down the character of the girl. This aroused wild indignation. The girl's mother said on the stand: "If that jury don't convict Butts I will shoot him dead in the court room." The prisoner was closely guarded and during the closing speeches officers were scattered through the court room to prevent any demonstration.

DEMOCRACY OF ILLINOIS.

It Will Meet in State Convention June 27 at the State Capital.

CHICAGO, March 6.—The members of the Democratic state central committee met at the Palmer House and decided that the state convention should be held June 27 in Springfield. When the question of nominating a candidate for the United State senate in the state convention came up the committeemen referred the matter to the delegates to the state convention selected at the various county conventions by the adoption of the following resolution: "That inasmuch as the propriety of nominating a candidate for the United States senate by the state convention has been extensively advocated throughout the state it is suggested to the county conventions to consider the expediency or inexpediency of such a course and to instruct their delegates accordingly."

The representation to the state convention, as decided on by the central committee, is one delegate for each 400 votes cast for Cleveland at the last presidential election and one delegate for each fraction of 200 and over. This will result in Cook county having a largely increased representation at the state convention—382 against 211 at the last convention. The two names most canvassed for senator were Morrison and Franklin McVeagh.

NOTICE TO CHARIVARIERS.

A Man Whom They Annoy Is Justified in Shooting Them.

PEORIA, Ill., March 6.—A jury in the circuit court went on record as declaring that a man was perfectly justified for shooting members of a charivari party. James Moody of Eden was on trial all week on five charges of assault with intent to do bodily harm, he having shot five members of a charivari party. One man got over eighty shot in his body and it required the services of all the physicians in the neighborhood for a day to cut them out of him. The case was hard fought on both sides. The jury brought in a verdict of simple assault, in which the fine may be as low as $3. All the parties concerned are well known farmers about Eden and the charivari occurred at the marriage of Moody's son.

Illinois Woman Suffragists.

DANVILLE, March 3.—The state convention of the equal suffrage association closed with a programme of addresses at the Grand Opera house. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, Galva; vice president, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Harbert, Evanston; secretary, Professor Rena Achison, Chicago; treasurer, Mrs. L. F. Long, Barry. In the afternoon memorial services for Lucy Stone were held. At night at the opera house addresses were delivered by ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan; Miss Julia Mills Dunn, of Chicago, and a reading by Miss Emma Smith Devos, of Harvey. An effective organization was formed for the coming year's work.

Tried to Blow Up a Dam.

ANNA, Ills., March 3.—Three men were surprised in the act of trying to blow up the dam across the famous Goodman ditch in the Mississippi bottoms. They had with them forty pounds of dynamite and a posthole digger, with which they proposed to sink the dynamite into the embankment. Two of the men, Thomas F. Bray and Charles Whittaker, were landed in jail. Thomas Robertson, the ringleader, has thus far eluded arrest.

Chewed Off a Burglar's Fingers.

FAIRBURY, Ills., March 5.—Three masked burglars undertook to rob Farmer Berthre M. Jones. They ordered him to produce his valuables, one enforcing the demand with a pistol. Jones knocked the pisto from the man's hand, and catching hi fingers in his teeth gnawed a bunch o them off. After a desperate fight the farmer bested his assailants, who retired i disorder. Jones is all right, barring a fe bruises.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Coitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 10, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
"May

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
Colonial

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Family

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Richard

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Control

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"Christ of Seville."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
Howard Specialty Company.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"April Fool."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe.—
"Flag of Truce."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

GLADSTONE'S FINAL RESIGNATION.

Gladstone has at last resigned from the premiership of England, which he has occupied so long, and at such various intervals, with credit at least to his gigantic intellectuality. His previous falls from that high place of power were caused either by triumphant Tories or by a combination of Tories and Unionist deserters from his own camp; but his final fall was effected by the feebleness of extreme old age, which has afflicted him with the worst of miseries that could visit such a studious scholar as he—the slow but sure deprivation of his sight. The shadows are creeping over his eyes, as they did erstwhile in the classic land of Greece over those of Homer, "the grand old bard of Scio's rocky isle" in the twilight of his existence. What a refined cruelty must the ex-premier be suffering now—he, who was such an omniverous reader, to be able to read no more, none can understand half as well as bibliophiles and scholars.

He retired from the public scene—and it is a consolation for him to know it—in no defeat at the hands of his enemies. He has made the peers swallow their own amendments to several of his radical measures. It was not his fault if he failed to compel these political fossils to pass the home rule bill. Here, at this supreme moment of his political existence, which is, perhaps, its end, THE CITIZEN has no desire to enter into any recriminations on Gladstone's past. He has more than counterbalanced for the errors of his Irish policy in the past, when in the year 1886 he proclaimed himself the first English prime minister of England who accepted the principle of the legislative independence of Ireland. His conversion to the home rule cause was effected by the fact that the vast majority of the Irish representatives in the English parliament were in favor of home rule, as well by the wider information he had gleaned, thanks to a complete study of all the historic works in which the profligacy and bribery attendant on the accomplishment of the Union (which Dr. Johnson called the union of the Lion and the Lamb), were vigorously exposed. But Mr. Gladstone did more than merely introduce a home rule bill. Though he failed in having it passed by the lower house, thanks to the treachery of Hartington (now Devonshire) and the bilious Joe Chamberlain, he had the sweet satisfaction of witnessing a second next chamber indorse his home rule bill by a majority of forty. This was the first and only occasion on which the British house voted a home rule ticket for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone's figure in history will shine out more prominently on the Irish question rather than the other questions which he took up for solution. The Irish question was a national one; the others were local English ones. Posterity will regard him in the light of the first great English champion who brandished—metaphorically speaking—the sword on behalf of a College Green parliament. In view of that fact, and remembering his services to Ireland, THE CITIZEN wishes many years of quiet and calm to the old gentleman in the bosom of his loving family.

NATIONAL TEACHERS OF IRELAND.

If there is any class in Ireland next to that of the evicted tenants which is the most miserable, it is that of the national teachers of Ireland. In England, France, Germany, and other European powers, the wages of teachers are more than double what they are in Ireland. A first class Irish teacher's salary is lower than that of a third class one here. For years and years these victims of British misgovernment have been suffering the pangs of hunger. Their cries of piteous distress were unheeded. They had no influence on political parties. The teacher in Ireland has no social rank. He is considered little more than a domestic, and inferior to even the small farmer. The big farmer snubs him pitilessly. And yet he educates their young, enlightens and develops their minds, and helps on their understandings.

It is this treatment at the hands of his people which causes the Irish teacher to be the weak-kneed, servile entity that he is. Poverty begets a sad want of courage in him. Otherwise he would stand up for his rights, and by incessantly protesting against the injustices done him, would obtain a redressal of his wrongs. What a miserable contrast does he not present in his fawning, humble ways, and arrayed in seedy out-at-elbow clothes, to the Brehons and bards of old who dressed sumptuously, and who sat at the right side of the *Ard Righ* at the banquetting table. "'Twas something then to be a bard," said D'Arcy McGee.

It has been for centuries the base object of the British government to keep the Irish people plunged in ignorance in order that they might know nothing of the tyrannical rule that was grinding them down under its iron hoof. "Pupils met in the penal days feloniously to learn." The pedagogue, like the priest, was an outlawed man in those dark times, and a price was set on his head as it was on the Irish wolf-dog. No wonder that the Irish people themselves commenced to have a contempt for the poor scholar, and for his present successors, the ill-paid, ill-groomed, and ill-kempt teachers of Ireland.

When one of these wretched men has given the best years of his service to the cause of teaching, what is the reward which he obtains therefor—in case he belongs to the third class? Only a pension of thirty dollars a year! And this miserable sum forms a lurid contrast to the fat pensions of one or two thousand dollars accorded to inspectors and sub-inspectors of police, and civil service officers. Is not this conduct on the part of the British government a scandalous as well as an outrageous farce? Never have teachers of other nations been so duped as those of the Irish nation. It is their present supine policy to which they may attribute the small share of official loaves and fishes which have fallen to their lot. Let them be bold and aggressive. Let them insist on the Irish Parliamentary party obtaining for them from the Gladstonian government an equality in salary with that of the well fed English teachers.

THE CASTLE LEVEE.

The wearers of long silk stockings and knee-breeches, girdled around the waist by a belt from which hangs suspended on the right side a gleaming sword, were "few and far between" at the recent levee of Lord Houghton in Dublin Castle. The home rule lord lieutenant has been boycotted by the judges, magistrates, lords, squires and lawyers, who used to attend these farcical proceedings under the Tory regime. As the McCarthyites are as yet too timid to brave the indignation of their more stalwart fellow countrymen, by attending the levees held in a building which still stinks with the slime of the unnatural crimes perpetrated within its walls under the Spencer administration, those gentlemen who seek to do honor to Lord Houghton as a representative of Queen Victoria were very few in number. And yet the loyal element of the city who profess unalterable attachment to her majesty, refuse to pay homage to her majesty's Irish representative. What a lot of canting hypocrites and Pharisees must they not be—these flunkeys who with loyalty on their lips are at heart disloyal to a lord lieutenant who, though a friend and supporter of Mr. Gladstone, is nevertheless a delegate of the sovereign whom they snub by their boycott of Lord Houghton.

It is to be hoped that when home rule comes the way, all these ludicrous ceremonials will be summarily stopped. Just fancy Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. Thomas Sexton, ministers of an Irish cabinet, driving up Cork hill in all the glory of silken stockings and knee-breeches, with their trusty "swoords" dangling at their sides! Just imagine High Sheriff John Clancey, breathing an odor of sanctimonious loyalty to her majesty, with the shadow of that Fenian oath which he took long ago, to an Irish republic, ominously darkening his footprints! Such a spectacle would be marvelously ridiculous.

Seriously speaking, however, the Irish race at home are progressive enough in this progressive age to spurn these antiquated mummeries, these silly and meaningless paraphernalia, this fetichistic worship of a sovereign under whose grim and unholy regime millions of our people were brutally evicted from their homesteads, and cruelly expatriated. Let us have done once and for all with these offensively royal orgies.

They are, moreover, insolent reminders of the conquest of our native country. Even under a home rule parliament the iron of serfdom would penetrate into Irish souls as long as we had to pay hommage to a representative of English rule in the land. The Irish at home would still be grovelling dastards and sleek slaves if they permitted themselves to be politically debauched in this servile fashion. The best and most logical policy for them to pursue under the circumstances is to ignore altogether these castle opera-bouffes which would consequently die of inanition in the course of a few years, or fall into a rapid decay and desuetude. THE CITIZEN has no sympathy whatever with flunkeyism. The presence of that virus in the body politic of any nation will poison its national aspirations, and ruin its freedom.

FRENCH POLITICIANS OF TODAY.

Some critics may think it strange that when the French Republic was ruled by men of real commanding genius, who are now no more, it was afflicted with more internal broils than now, when its rulers are only mere mediocrities. Leon Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Adolphe Thiers, the greatest statesmen of the opening years of the Republic, failed to make France a contented or a happy land. The latter, who was the first president, was too much of an Orleanist to satisfy the Republicans. Leon Gambetta and Ferry were too bitterly anti-Catholic to please the large Catholic population of that country, millions of whom were at the time avowed monarchists. Now, however, that men of mediocre talents rule the roost, the Republic is stronger than ever. This is owing partly to the moderation of their political policy and partly to the genius of Leo XIII., and the late Cardinal Lavigerie, thanks to whose efforts millions of formerly discontented Catholics have now rallied to the Republic.

President Carnot has the advantage of belonging to a family which for several generations never wavered in its loyalty to the Republican idea. Empires and monarchies could not tempt its members to forswear the cherished principles of their lives. The grandfather of the present occupant of the Elysee Palace was the well known "organizer of victory" in the days immediately succeeding the French Revolution. He was, in fact, the Bismarck of a hundred years ago, thanks to whose wonderful organizing resources the Tricolor flag soared in triumph over Europe. M. Sadi Carnot inherits little of his grandfather's genius, though it is only right to add that he possesses all his ancestor's unswerving integrity. Before he was elevated to the presidential chair, he followed the profession of civil engineer, and filled the post of minister of public works in several successive cabinets. He is a gentleman of very pleasing address, and possesses considerable tact, and a certain personal magnetism which wins him friends on every side. An aristocrat in taste and habits, he is clever enough to pose before the people as an uncompromising Democrat. Unlike his predecessor, the late Jules Grevy, he is not parsimonious or close-fisted. He spends his entire salary in select entertainments and balls at the Elysee in which he has the co-operation of a cultured and accomplished wife. Keeping as much aloof as he can from the feuds of contending Republican factions, he commands the respect of almost the entire body politic in France.

Georges Clemenceau, who has been for years the leader of the Radical wing of the Republican party, but who has now lost his parliamentary seat, is a doctor by profession. In early life he left France for this country, where he became professor of French in a girls' college in the State of New York. Here he wooed and won for wife an American lady pupil of his, who some months ago procured a divorce from him in the Paris law courts, and has since returned to her native land. Clemenceau, who proceeded to France toward the end of the sixties, began political life as mayor of one of the arondissements of Paris during the closing years of the Empire. He did not, however, become a prominent factor in politics until toward 1875, when he rose to be one of the leading lights of the French parliament. Since then he has assisted in overturning ministry after ministry without ever becoming a minister himself. His policy seems to be bitter and unrelenting opposition to every government the members of which refuse to accept his extreme views on social and political problems.

Charles Floquet, who was at one time president of the chamber of deputies—a position similar to that held in Washington by Mr. Crisp—is a lawyer by profession. In his callow youth he was an ardent Radical, and a fierce enemy of all kings and kingships. On the occasion of a visit paid to the Paris Exposition of 1867 by the late Czar, Alexander II., Floquet rushed toward the carriage in which his majesty was seated, and shouted defiantly: "*Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!*" The populace, that gathered around the imperial vehicle, cheered the young lawyer, who, however, was at once arrested by the police on the charge of having publicly insulted one of Napoleon's guests. He passed some time in prison in expiation of this offense, leaving his cell with the aureole of martyrdom on his brow. His defense of Poland and the thoroughly Republican method he employed in addressing such a mighty potentate as the White Czar, made him the petted darling of the Parisian populace. On the fall of the Empire he rose to still greater power and influence. He courted with success the good graces of Gambetta, and became successively a member of parliament, speaker of the legislature and premier. It was, as our readers will remember, under M. Floquet's premiership, in or about 1886, that the Bonapartist and Orleanist pretenders to the French throne were expelled from French territory. Like that of all chiefs of cabinets in France, the period of his official life was short and precarious. He was dismissed from power after a few months' possession of the treasury benches, and was glad shortly afterward to be re-appointed president of the chamber—a post which he vacated a year ago, owing to his connection with the Panama scandal. Since Gambetta's death Floquet is looked upon as the greatest of living French orators. His eloquence is considered hardly less classic and limpid than that of Emilio Castellar of Spain.

Paul Deroulede, the fantastic hero of many a bloodless duel, is a poet as well as politician. He has written a volume of warlike songs, thousands of copies of which circulate in French military barracks. He is an extravagant patriot—is Paul. He hates the Germans and everything German with all the embittered venom of a savage Gaul. Shortly after the war of 1870–71, he started a League of Patriots, comprising several thousand athletic clubs, with the object of training the youth of France "to prepare for the day when they would sweep the Teuton from Alsace and Lorraine." Subsequently he joined Boulanger, but survived the disaster that fell on the hopes of that gallant adventurer. Paul is now leader of the Boulangist faction in the chamber of deputies. In speech he is even more fiery and intemperate than the average French stump orator. In build he is big and burly—a prodigy of physical strength and blustering ardor.

De Freycinet has been a member of almost every ministry under the Republic. He has all the finesse and cunning of a fox, which enabled him to cling to his official post—no matter what cabinet was overturned. The French call him "*la petit souris blanc*," or "the little white mouse," owing to the resemblance of his features to those of that wee animal. He is, by calling, a civil engineer, and was one of Gambetta's political creations. Albert Grevy, the brother of the late President Grevy, was at one time governor of Algiers, and is still a member of the French senate. In the anarchist camp Citizen Ouin is at present high priest and chief pontiff. Such, in a word, are a few of the prominent French politicians on whom the eyes of the general public are fixed at the present time.

THE lords cannot be mended. They must be ended. They are like old and rusty kettles, fit only to be thrown into the garbage box.

MR. JOHN F. FINERTY, assisted by Mr. M. J. Murphy, lectured on "The Story and Songs of Ireland," in Buffalo, N.Y., on Sunday evening, March 4; in Auburn, N.Y., on Tuesday evening, March 6, and in Amsterdam, N.Y., on Thursday evening, March 8. They will lecture in Syracuse, N.Y., on Sunday evening, March 11, in Cortland, N.Y., Monday evening, Mar. 12, and in Kansas City, Mo., Sunday evening, March 25. Mr. Finerty will lecture on "The Celtic Element in American National Life," in Minneapolis, on St. Patrick's Night; and on "Irish Nationality" in West Superior, Wis., on Friday evening, March 16, or Sunday evening, March 18. Messrs. Finerty and Murphy will deliver several additional lectures in the State of New York during the week following Easter, and in April.

MR. JOHN MORLEY has refused to receive a deputation from the Evicted Tenants' Society of Cork. The society has retorted by adopting the principle of the old Land League. The association appointed a vigilance committee to render more effective the boycotting of the infamous land grabbers. The Evicted Tenants' Society has thrown down the gauntlet of war to Mr. Morley. Will Mr. Morley have the courage to pick it up?

A LITTLE malicious singing bird whispers to us the following sarcastic stanza at the expense of the Groverites:

"Some time ago we said:
'Oh, We shall be in clover
When our brave chieftian Grover
Sits at the Nation's head!'
'But now, alas!' we say,
'Hard times we have today,
There's not a trace of clover
In the make-up of Grover!'"

THE Prince of Wales has lately been seen in a colored dress suit with brass buttons. McAllister is ordering several suits of the same pattern from his London tailor. The price of brass buttons is rising in the money market.

THE Marquis of Dufferin, English ambassador in Paris, is about to publish a memoir of his mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin, author of "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," and other pathetic Irish lyrics. The publisher will be the old firm of Murray, London. Lady Dufferin was an Irishwoman. After the death of the present ambassador's father, she took a second husband to her bosom in the person of the Earl of Gifford, who was such a prosy individual that he compelled his wife to give up writing poetry. Hence it was that under the new conjugal regime she ceased to sing, and has been known as a poet under the name of the "dear defunct."

THE French Academy has preferred a political obscurity, in the ex-minister of public works, M. Heredia, a native of Cuba, to the offensive presence of M. Emile Zola in its midst. All literary Paris is laughing itself sick, however, at the appointment; for the successful candidate has never written in his life one line of either prose or verse.

AT a meeting of the Republican City Central Committee held Friday of last week, it was decided to hold the Republican aldermanic primaries on Thursday, March 15, and the conventions on the following day.

MGR. PERRAUD, bishop of Autun, who wrote a very sympathetic book on Ireland in 1862, will, it is said, be proclaimed cardinal at the next Papal Consistory THE CITIZEN congratulates the right reverend gentleman on the signal honor in store for him. No ecclesiastic deserves it better than the bishop, who is already a member of the French Academy.

IN the rear of Mulberry street, New York city, lives a very old woman, 108 years, in fact. She was born in county Kerry, Ireland, in 1786, under an Irish parliament. The Irish, on the whole, are a long-lived race.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gladstone has talked and has written more than any man in this century, he has not made much more than $50,000 by his writings. Some years ago he was offered by a firm of publishers 150 guineas if he would write a few introductory lines to an article about to appear in their magazines; but he declined, and it was remarked at the time that his time was worth a guinea a minute.

THE Democratic State Central Committee met at the Palmer House Monday, and decided that the state convention should be held in Springfield on June 27.

CHIEF FODISILAH, in West Africa, licked the British invaders recently, horse, foot and artillery. This excellent warrior might well say in the words of the old song: "I've spanked the Britishers before—I spank them now again!" Whereupon the Britisher at home utters a cry of maddening pain when he hears that his "gallant tars" were massacred by Fodisilah. Immediately the order is given: "Send out reinforcements!" Despite this additional band of English mauraders, THE CITIZEN wishes "God speed!" to the brave and valiant Fodisilah in his efforts to rid Western Africa of all these British intruders.

WEDNESDAY evening Assistant State's Attorney Bottum concluded his address in the Coughlin trial. Thursday morning Judge Tuthill gave his instructions to the jury, and at the hour THE CITIZEN goes to press the case was in the hands of the jury.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, who was to have succeeded Tennyson in the poet laureateship of England, is, we are informed, as mad as a hatter. THE CITIZEN is not surprised at this news, as every poet has a screw loose somewhere. In the old classic slang of Horace, "he has hay on his horns!"

MANY wreaths and other floral tributes have been laid at the base of the statue of King Charles I in London by a club of English Jacobites who are dreaming of a restoration of the Stuart dynasty. They have no live figurehead, however, unless the Chevalier O'Clery becomes one.

THE Metabeles are going the way of the Red Indian. That there are many sanctimonious Anglo-Saxons ready to spread the light of the gospel on that benighted people is evident from the following advertisement in the London newspapers: "Metabeleland: gentlemen knowing the country require first-class agencies for whiskies, provisions and hardware; starting March." Fire-water seems to be the climax of the Britisher's civilizing influence in savage climes.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD has just published new Irish pieces for the violin and piano, which he has composed. They are purely original works in which the author has successfully caught the Irish spirit.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY'S fine property in Galway, Kylemare castle and estate, is about to be sold by auction. The owner purposes to be for the future an absentee landlord.

IRISH literature is becoming popular even among Londoners. Not a week passes without one or more books on Irish subjects being published. Collections of primitive "Irish poetry and folklore" are much in demand. "Western Irish Tales and Romances," and "Irish Druids and Old Irish Religions" are the most popular.

THE Dean of Melbourne, the Rev. Mr. MacCarthy, son of the last speaker of the old Irish house of commons, is still alive. He is in his 95th year. On a recent occasion he was assisted into the pulpit of the cathedral, and delivered his sermon without the aid of notes. At its close he exclaimed pathetically, "My dear brethren, I have come here today in much pain, and feel that I cannot much longer speak to you." He is about the sole connecting link between the period of Irish legislative independence and our own time.

IT is not generally known that Paris is the home of an old Irish actress, Eugenie Plunkett, better known to the last generation of theatre-goers as Madame Doche, who in 1852 was the first to play the role of "Camille" in Dumas the younger's "Dame aux Camelias." She was a great success on the stage. Towards the 'Sixties she retired from behind the footlights. Very few who knew her in the past, are aware that the good old lady is still alive.

CLEVELAND has treated the Hawaiian Lily very shabbily After having promised her a return to supreme power, he now refuses to give her a miserable pittance in the shape of a pension.

TO THE list of dethroned living queens, and empresses such as Isabella of Spain, Carolina of Naples, Natalie of Servia, Charlotte of Mexico, and Eugenie of France, must be added that of the Lily of Hawaii.

THE titles of the late King Lolengula were the following: "The Heavens," "the Spearer of the Heavens," "the Rain Maker," "the Great Father," "the Great Mother," "Great King," "Great Black," "King of Kings," "King of Heaven and Earth." His majesty was by no manner of means modest in his pretensions.

MISS DAVIS, the sister of Thomas Davis, the Irish poet, died recently in London. The deceased lady was a member of the Irish Literary Society. A brother of the dead bard still lives in the old house in Baggot street, Dublin, where the *Nation's* young prophet passed away—to the great desolation of a weeping race.

JOHN BURNS, the English labor leader, is "out" with a denunciation of the English peers. "The country," he says, "that sent King Charles to sleep without his head, will stand no veto from Queen Guelph or Lord Salisbury. If Salisbury opposes the will of the English people with the sanction of the Queen, both must go!" This is sensible advice. No amount of aristocratic coddling or flattery can spoil John. He is a staunch extremist every time.

G. A. A. NEWS.

The Annual Convention.

The annual convention of the Gaelic Athletic Association will be held on Sunday next, March 12, at Curran's Hall, 352 Blue Island avenue. In accordance with a resolution passed at a recent meeting of the Central council, each club is entitled to five delegates, and it is hoped that the various clubs will be represented, as important matters will be presented for consideration. The meeting will be called to order at 2:30 o'clock sharp.

The Innisfail Club.

The annual election of officers of the Innisfail Gaelic Athletic Club took place at a meeting held at Horan's hall, on Sunday last. The following gentlemen were elected to the various offices: President, James O'Callaghan; vice-president, Bat. Hartigan; recording secretary, Edward O'Reilly; financial secretary, John O'Callaghan; treasurer, Timothy O Sullivan; captain of hurling team, M. O'Connell; vice-captain, James Phelan; captain football team, Thomas Naughton; vice-captain, Michael Martin. It was decided that the club turn out in a body on St. Patrick's Day and participate in the parade. Five delegates were appointed to represent the club at the annual convention next Sunday. The auditing committee reported that the club was "O K" financially, having more money in the treasury now than at any time since it was organized. It is expected that the members will attend the practice games regularly when the season opens.

Emmet Club.

At a meeting of the Emmet Club, of the Gaelic Athletic Association, held at Curran's Hall, 350 Blue Island avenue, March 1, the following officers were elected: C. O'Donnell, president; T. O'N. Jones, vice-president; James Ryan, recording secretary; M. B. O'Neill, financial secretary; J. Geary, treasurer; P. T. Murphy, captain of football team; J. Myles, vice-captain; J. G. O'Donnell and P. F. Guerin, members of Central council. Five delegates were elected to represent the club at the convention of the Gaelic Association to be held at Curran's Hall Sunday afternoon, March 11.

A Rare Entertainment.

Bill Nye and William Hawley Smith, the kings of humor, will give an entertainment at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening. Following is the programme:

"Midnight"..... ....A Prose Symphony
"Influenza"..... Adapted
William Hawley Smith.
Recollections of Great Britain.....
Bill Nye.
"Growing Aged Together"..... Robert Collyer
"My Mary"..... Duferin
William Hawley Smith.
Plain Talk by a Plain Man.....
Mr. Nye.
Selections from James Whitcomb Riley....
William Hawley Smith.
Piece selected by request of a leading citizen here..... .....
Mr. Nye.
"All Aboard"..... Benj. F. Taylor
"Just Graduated"..... Dr. Thomas
William Hawley Smith.
The Dairy of a Young Housekeeper.....
Mr. Nye.

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

WRITTEN FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE WOMEN OF EUROPE.

The Lovely Signoras and Signoritas, Gretchens and Demoiselles of the Old World.

A Bevy of Beauties.

I have traveled over most European countries, and studied all the various types of womanhood to be found in the Old World. My impartial impressions were that the Vienna belles took off the palm of beauty and elegance; but I could never induce a Spaniard, an Italian or a Frenchman to agree with me on that score. They refused indignantly to vote the golden apple to the fair daughters of the Austrian capital. The *hidalgo* exclaimed that Europe held no fairer being than an Andalusian *senorita*; the Italian insisted with sundry shrugs of his shoulders that the Roman or Neapolitan maiden was the handsomest of all; while the Gallic cock crowed loudly and lustily for the superiority of his darling *Parisienne*. I discovered that it was the patriotic thing for men on the other side of the big fish pond to glorify their own women at the expense of those of other countries. Speaking generally, there is no adequate definition of beauty possible. Beauty depends more on the tastes of its admirers than on the physical or other qualities of the object admired. For instance, there are thousands of darkeys who see more beauty in their dusky thick-lipped sweethearts than in the most ravishing white girls. Among the white men themselves opinions, opposite as the poles, obtain as to the characteristics of beauty. A man who loves a plain-faced woman often considers her the best looking of her sex. As there are, however, several types of what is vaguely called beauty in the different European nations, I will now proceed to discuss them in detail.

THE SENORITAS OF SPAIN.

The most graceful of all European women are undoubtedly the Spanish. Heine remarked it when he wrote about their gait, which he called "the dumb music of their well rounded limbs in motion." Their movements are charmingly undulating, they have an exquisite carriage of the head, and the humblest among them has all the majestic dignity of a queen. The Andalusians are blessed with delightfully plump figures, as well as with robust health, for they are born and reared in the very Edenland of Spain, where there are no malarial swamps, but lovely flower gardens redolent of the balm of roses, flanked by orange and citron groves, and sloping vineyards. The ozone of the sea air paints with a natural pink their blossoming cheeks, and lends vitality and suppleness to their every gesture. They have, moreover, the reddest and ripest of lips, whose luscious fruit looks so irresistiably seductive that even a crusty old bachelor would be tempted to press them to his own. Their mouths are perfect rosebuds, and just as small; their eyes, which are liquid black, are furnished with long lashes that droop with a delicious languor when the senoritas listen to the soft nothings poured into their shell-like ears by the most gallant of lovers. They live, move, and have their being in a genial climate, thanks to which their complexions remain fresh and rosy till 40, when pallor and the wrinkles of time overspread them. Their abundant tresses are as dark as their eyes, and glossy as the choicest satin. The Spanish women are small of stature, but preserve the symmetry of their dainty figures, while their voices are sweetly sonorous. The maids and matrons of Seville have a light brown skin, and large scarlet lips. Elsewhere their faces have a clear olive tint—a color due to the inter-marriages in the past between the Spaniards and the Moors. Byron was very enthusiastic over the tender glances of the senoras, to whom he paid court in his usual Don Juan fashion, during his travels over the peninsula. Of one of these fair dames he writes:

"Her glance—how wildly beautiful!—how much
Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!"

Spanish belles expect in their *caballeri* a handsome figure, a deep devotion and a knightly gallantry. With all these qualifications he must also be able to manipulate the guitar with deft skill, and accompany its music with passionate love lyrics in front of the vestibule of her father's home, while she leans over the balcony on high and smiles down in the wan moonlight on her troubadour lover. Romance is still the fashion in Spain.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN WOMEN.

Few French women are beautiful. One third of them are pretty. Almost all, however, have a certain winning as well as charming mobility of expression, while conversing, that makes up for their lack of prettiness. Though their complexions are sallow, their teeth are as white as ivory, and they possess the smallest hands and feet of any of the Old World women. A French girl, tied as she is to her mother's apron strings, is a bird of bondage till her rescuer comes in the person of a husband, when she develops into womanhood, and becomes positively charming. Her conversation is brilliant, and almost always interesting. Trifles light as air amuse her. She is all grace in her deportment, and dresses very tastefully. In her loves she is volatile, changing her wooers as she does her gloves, for she hates nothing so much as ennui, and likes nothing so much as change. She tells her admirer, when she grows tired of him, with a candor that hardly harmonizes with our ideas of French *politesse*:

"*Vait on mon ami. Tu m'embetes a la fin.*" "Get out, my friend. You have plagued quite too much!"

And the disconsolate suitor must fold his tent like an Arab, and silently steal away to other pastures in the land of love. The Frenchwoman is not always frivulous, however. If she is the wife of a storekeeper, she runs the establishment herself and looks after the ledger, while the dear spouse is cooling his heels over an absinthe in a neighboring cafe.

The Italian women are usually lazy and indolent sirens. They are the modern successors of the laughing Houris of old, who haunted the poet's dreams. The poorer of them are as aristocratic in their airs and attitude as the proudest of the Colonnas. The brunettes of Capri and Naples are the most voluptuous of European women. They take the cake in the measurement of their busts, and still preserve a delicate symmetry of the waist. Their liquid Tuscan speech is soft and sweet as one of Offenbach's waltzes. They love life, and they enjoy it accordingly. Most of them are illiterate, but that does not prevent them from being the idols of poets and *litterateurs* who write sonnets or prose extravaganzas to their mistresses' well-arched eyebrows. These sun-burned daughters of the south are as meek as lambs when stroked with the caresses of the men they love; but, if their lovers betray them, they become tigeresses, for their jealousy is inordinate. Not a few of them are capable of plunging a dagger into the breast of their faithless swains, and killing themselves with charcoal fumes afterward.

GERMAN, AUSTRIAN AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

The Germans are mostly all blondes. Flaxen hair predominates among them. Their skin is very white. They have clear, honest eyes and full cheeks, almost invariably tinted with a rosy color. They are at an early age inclined to *embonpoint*, owing to the amount of beer which they consume at table. The German woman does not spend much of her life out of doors. She is more domesticated than any other, except, perhaps, her English and Irish sisters. Unlike the French, the German is neither a flirt nor coquette. She will never pretend to love a suitor if her heart votes against him. After marriage, however, she generally degenerates into a household drudge, and becomes the mother of many children. They follow in this respect the example of their Empress, who, according to the German idea, is a model *frau*. The German peasant woman is not a flattering personality in physique, but she is the best of helps to her farmer husband. Julian Hawthorne thus disposes of a female rustic whom he encountered in Saxony: "Massive were her legs as the banyan roots; a back had she like a derrick, rough hands like pile drivers, and hips like the bows of a three-decker!" This is rather a severe criticism, yet there is not much loveliness to be found among the female peasantry of Europe excepting among those of Ireland.

The Austrian belle, and more particularly the Viennese, is almost as graceful as the Andalusian, and is just as much a blonde as the latter is a brunette. She has all the Italian's plumpness and grace, and the American girl's pure complexion. Like the American, she has brilliant society talents.

It is a popular illusion to imagine that the majority of English girls are blondes. Most of them are brunettes. Few of them are graceful. They are tall and well built, take plenty of out-door exercise, and have skin of dazzling freshness. Their faces are oval, but somewhat heavy around the chin. They lack taste in dress, and there is little harmony in their gait, owing to their large and unwieldy limbs—hence the inelegance of their figures, which is compensated to a certain degree by the smiles peculiar to their roguish grey eyes. Hawthorne thought them paler, smaller, less wholesome looking and intelligent than the Yankee girls. Their teeth and feet are too large to command the admiration of a *connoisseur* in such parts of the female anatomy.

OTHER EUROPEAN WOMEN.

Polish women are called "the Spaniards of the North." Their skin, however, is much whiter than that of their southern sisters. The Russian woman's face is almost deathly pale, and her hair is the color of midnight. Both the Polish and Russian *grandes dames* smoke cigarettes, and sometimes cigars. The Irish girl has what Tennyson called "the unique beauty of blue eyes and blue black hair." She is the most modest of maids. The Scotch girl has high cheek bones, and her hair is too sandy to ensure her any loveliness.

EUGENE DAVIS.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riffi,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

Lá n-aon dá n-deachaidh Fionn Fianathaireach Mac Cúmhail agus matha agus mór-uaisle na Féinne mar aon leis ag amharc agus ag feuchaint cuain mhóir lán longphortaigh Luimnighe. Agus is é ádhbhar fá n-deachaidh Fionn agus Fianna Eireann ann an uair sin seach gach uair eile .i. fios agus aisling do chonnaire Fionn an oidhche roimhe sin.—go d-tiocfadh uilliphiast mhór i d-tir ann, agus go sluigfea ih si dhá d-trian na cathrach ann a craos air d-teacht i d-tir di. A h-aithle na h-aislinge sin, do dhéisigh Fionn as a chodhla agus do smuain gurab eachtrannuigh no allmháraigh do thiocfadh i d-tir ann agus do dhéanfadh dith agus mighreann air dhrong éigin d'fhearaibh Eireann. Agus dá bhrigh sin, do mheas Fionn dul d'fheuchaint an chuain; agus gleus cúmhdaigh agus coimheudtha do chur air an g-cuan agus air an g-cathair.

Do rinne Fionn amhlaidh sin, agus do chuir tionól air mhathaibh Mhúmhan agus Luimnighe, air chrann agus air theid, cuid diobh i n-dáil cómhlamh. Agus a h-aithle so, si cómhairle do cineadh leó, naonbhar de mhathaibh agus de mhór-uaisiibh na Féinne do chur ag faire an chuain go ceann coigchidhis agus a g-ceann na rae sin a g-cóimhlíona eile do chur 'nna n-áit, agus mar sin go ceann bliadhna, go n-imeóchadh brigh na h-aislinne sin air ceal. Agus ar seo an naonbhar laoch do fágadh ag coimhéad cuain agus cathrach Luimnighe antan sin .i. Goll glainbhéimneach mac Móirne, Garfuid garbh-sháltach mac Móirne, Osgar annghlonnach mach Oisin, Diarmuid dreachsholuis déadbhán O'Duibhne, Glas mac Aoncheárrda bhfeárra, Faolán Feardha mac Fhinn, Liagán luaimneach O'Luachairdheagh, Artóg mac Móirne, agus fear millte agus buadhartha gach cuidheachtan, i. Conau Maol mac Móirne.

Clodhtrácht, ceilleabhradh Fionn agus Fiannaibh Eirionn do'n drong deaghlaoch sin, agus air sgaramhuin le chéile doibh téidheann Goll agus a chuideachta do ghlaca radhairc air an g-cuan, agus air m-beith ag talsdiol le h-ais an chuain dóibh do chonnaireadar an barc beannach, bréideach ag teacht chuca gach direach, agus nior stadadh leó do'n réim sin no gur ghabh cuan agus caladhphort air athchomair.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. M. M. McDermott is in the city arranging for the new play at Hooley's Sunday night.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

Names of the Aides Who Will Assist Grand Marshal John T. Keating.

The Line of March.

Arrangements are about completed for the parade of Irish societies on St. Patrick's Day, which promises to be one of the largest held in recent years. Grand Marshal John T. Keating has appointed the following aides:

Daniel Corkery, Col. F. T. Colby, W. H. Joyce, Roger C. Sullivan, P. B. Flanagan, county delegate A.O.H.; E. Cummings, A. J. Ford, John E. Long, M. J. Kelly, James Clark, D. F. O'Connor, John Dowling, Thomas Ahern, South Chicago; Lawrence Henely, state delegate A. O. H.; Frank Conroy, Stephen Griffin, James McHale, Thomas H. Cannon, Thomas Cusack, Michael McGuerney, John F. O'Malley, Wm. Lyman, Martin Mulcahy, J. J. Mahoney, James Maher, P. H. Keenan, Michael Bracken, Ald. John Powers, Ald. John Mahoney, Luke Lyons, Con O'Donnell, Frank F. Nichols, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Rev. James Scanlan, Rev. P. J. Dore, Rev. Dennis O'Brien, Rev. E. A. Keeley, Rev. M. McCaffrey, M. J. Keane, J. P. Mahoney, John F. Finerty, Wm. Houlihan, Capt. John Byrne, Wm. A. Cunnea, P. O'Sullivan, South Chicago; Miles Kehoe, James H. Lynch, Frank Agnew, James C. Strain, M. S. Hyland, M. J. Maloney, Ignatius Sheridan, P. F. Guerin, J. H. Carmody, John F. O'Brien, P. J. Cahill, Capt. P. J. Coan, D. O'Shea.

The various societies will rendezvous on Haymarket Square at 2:00 o'clock sharp. At 2:30 o'clock the parade will move over the following line of march: South on Desplaines street to Jackson; east on Jackson street to Michigan avenue; south on Michigan avenue to Twelfth street; countermarch north to Van Buren street; west on Van Buren to Clark street; north on Clark to Lake street; west on Lake to Market street, and there disperse.

The parade will be reviewed by Archbishop Feehan, from St. Patrick's church on Desplaines street; also by Mayor Hopkins and the city and county officials.

There will be a meeting of the aides to the grand marshal next Sunday evening at Fitzgerald's Hall, Adams and Halsted streets. All societies should be represented.

GAELIC LITERATURE.

"Blaithfhleasg de Mhilseanaibh na Gaedhilge" (A Garland of Gaelic Selections). By Patrick O'Brien, No. 46 Cuffe street, Dublin.

Above is the title of one of the most interesting and correctly printed Irish books that has been brought out for a long time. It consists of stories of the Ossianic cycle of Irish history and literature. None of the stories in this book have ever before been printed. Mr. O'Brien, as he says in the preface, had access to the most correct manuscript versions of the tales he has printed in this book, and which are deposited in the Royal Irish Academy; he has done his best to print them correctly, and has succeeded, for very few Irish language books are as correctly printed as the one under notice. Mr. O'Brien is eminently suited for an undertaking like this, for he is a good Irish scholar, and has spoken Irish from the cradle. The two principal stories in the book are "The Acts of Turlough Mac Starn" and "The Castle of Eochy the Red." The principal merits of this book are that it contains Irish matter that was never printed before, and the Irish in it generally correct and intelligible to the student of the present form of the language. The price of the book is only three shillings, and this puts it in the power of most Irish students to possess it. It would be well for every one who takes any interest in the ancient language and literature of Ireland, to have a copy of this most interesting and correctly printed book. It is in octavo size, 175 pages, very neatly bound, printed on the best paper and in the Irish character. The book can be had from Maurice Crean, secretary of the Gaelic class.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Union Catholic Library Association.

The Union Catholic Library Association Reading Club, will hold its next meeting at the rooms of the association, No. 94 Dearborn street, this (Saturday) afternoon, March 10, from 4 to 6. Rev. J. P. Dore will give a lecture on "Montalambert." Judge Gibbons will lecture at the association rooms Saturday, March 24, on "Bigotry."

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The Seventh Infantry will attend a military mass at St. Mary's church, Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, on St. Patrick's morning. The regiment will also take part in the parade in the afternoon, when their new Irish flag will be seen in public for the first time; it is without doubt the finest Irish flag in this country.

Colonel Colby and Major McGrath attended a military ball given in Aurora by Brigadier A. Walsh in honor of Governor Altgeld.

The Seventh Infantry will proceed to Springfield, Ill., on July 24, for their annual instruction.

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

Th' anam 'san Diah? but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair sweet face of my sireland!
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in rich adorning,
And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
I bid you the top of the morning.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning,
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top of the morning.

Ho—ho! upon Cliona's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us a kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On wings that know no drooping,
And out from the cliffs with welcome charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
The shadows may ne'er have gloomed it;
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion
Leaning her back against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah; maybe their chiming's over,
For its many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, asthore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er melt my vision, save when they rose,
O'er Memory's dim horizon.
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texas plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around the coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future day
All danger and doubtings scorning,
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's morning.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of a Munster breeze,
Thank God my exile's ended.
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again—
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the morning!

John Beegan.

The attention of members of the A.O.H. and other societies is called to the regalia house of John Beegan, 228 South Halsted street, where uniforms, banners and designs for all societies can be obtained at the lowest prices.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

COUPON NO. 2.

PANORAMA OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Each part containing 55 magnificent Photographic Views of the World's Fair.

Mail or bring one coupon and 10 cents to THE CITIZEN office and Part One will be delivered to you.

See advertisement on Sixth Page.

H.R.EAGLE

OUR TARIFF BILL.

2-lb cans Pie Peaches, per can	5 cents
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can	8 cents
2-lb cans Stringless Beans, per can	5½ cents
2-lb cans Table Blackberries, per can	6½ cents
9-lb pail Dairy Butterine for	$1.09
8 lbs Moyune Young Hyson Tea for	$1.00
Dime cans Price's Baking Powder for	6 cents
California Silver Prunes, per lb	5 cents
New English Currants, per lb	2½ cents
3-Crown California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	2½ cents
New Turkish Prunes, per lb	4 cents
3-lb cans Heavy California Peaches	11 cents
3-lb package Quail Brand Corn Grits	4 cents
3-lb package Quail Brand Velvet Meal	4 cents
2-lb package Slapjack Meal	3 cents
Large bottle French Mustard	5 cents
3-lb jar California Jelly	9 cents
3-lb can California Muscat Grapes, per can	8 cents
3-lb can California Greengages, per can	9 cents
3-lb can California Egg Plums, per can	9 cents
3-lb can California Apricots	10 cents
2-lb can Lima Beans	6 cents
2-lb can Sweet Corn	6 cents
German Egg Noodles	6 cents
Pure Vermont Maple Sugar, per lb	10 cents
New York Full Cream Cheese	11 cents
Pint bottles Chow-Chow and Mixed Pickles, per bottle	10 cents
Best Valencia Raisins, per lb	8 cents
35 bars Coke Laundry Soap for	$1.00
3-lb box Soda Crackers for	14 cents
Ginger Snaps, per lb	6 cents
Hardwood Dining-Room Chairs at	39 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO. BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 196

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour - $3.89

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	49 cts
50-lb Bags, each	97 cts
98-lb Bags, each	$1.94
Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl	$2.99

EVERYBODY EATS THUS.

15-lb pails Round Herring for	49 cents
15-lb pails Newfoundland Split Herring	65 cents
15-lb pails New Family Whitefish	65 cents
15 pails Large No. 1 Whitefish	$1.25
15-lb pails New No. 1 Trout	$1.15
15 lb pails Fancy Red California Salmon	$1.15
15-lb pails Large Family Mackerel	$1.25
15-lb pails Fancy Irish Mackerel	$1.69
Russian Sardines, heads on	49 cents
Imported Holland Herring, fancy	75 cents
30 lbs Whole Codfish for	$1.00
Medium Scaled Herring, per box	19 cents
Best Fancy Boneless Codfish, per lb	9 cents

Butterine.

Just Plain Butterine, per pail	$1.19
Reliable Dairy Butterine, per pail	1.25
Wisconsin Dairy Butterine, per pail	1.50
Purity Creamery Butterine, pr pail	1.70

This is the finest Butterine made in the world; is cleaner, cheaper and keeps better than any Butter made.

VEGETABLES.

	Per can.	Per doz.
2-lb cans Fisk Bros.' Corn	6c	$ .70
2-lb cans Potter's Sugar Corn	7c	.80
2-lb cans Paxton Sweet Corn	8c	.95
2-lb cans Baby Sugar Corn (This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.)	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Premium Extra Tomatoes	10c	1.18
Solid Meat Gallon Tomatoes	30c	3.30
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	8c	.95
2-lb cans early June Sweet Peas	9c	1.00
2-lb cans Best Sifted Early June Peas	12½c	1.40
2-lb cans Tom Extra Sifted Early June Peas	17c	2.00
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	6c	.70
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	10c	1.10
2-lb cans Lima Beans	6c	.70
2-lb cans Extra Succotash	10c	1.20

MILK, FISH, ETC.

Tip Top Condensed Milk	9c	$1.00
Monroe Condensed Milk	11c	1.30
St. Charles Cream	15c	1.70
Gail Borden's Eagle Milk	16c	1.80
1-lb cans Sterling Red Alaska Salmon	9c	1.08
1-lb cans B. & M. Lobsters	21c	2.30
1-lb cans Mackerel	10c	1.18
1-lb cans Little Neck Clams	12½	1.40
3-lb cans Little Neck Clams	17c	2.00
½ Sardines in Oil	4c	.48
½ Mustard Sardines	8c	.95
Fancy Imported Sardines	10c	1.15
Lukrebec Imported Sardines in good oil	12½c	1.40
Gillett's ½ Imported Sardines	15c	1.70

CIGARS.

Red Prior Plug, per pound	19 cts
Sugar Cured Plug	19 cts
Gun Club, 25 in box	39 cts
Edna, 50 in Box	45 cts
La Mariposa, 50 in box	55 cts
Confidence, 50 in box	59 cts
Don Antonio, 50 in box	65 cts
La Rosa, 50 in box	69 cts
Dolorosa, 50 in box, long filler	75 cts
Artistic Union Label, 50 in box	95 cts
La Perfecta, Union Label, 50 in box	$1.00
La Norma, long filler, 50 in box	$1.25
Manuel Garcia, K. W., 50 in box	$1.90
Bride of K. W., 50 in box	$1.90

CANNED GOODS.

FRUIT.	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Baltimore Pie Peaches	8c	$ .95
3-lb cans K. & M. Yellow Delaware Peaches	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Nanticoke Yellow Peaches	10c	1.18
3-lb cans Bonanza California Yellow Table Peaches	11c	1.32
3-lb cans no label California Yellow Peaches	12c	1.44
3-lb cans West Coast California Yellow Peaches	13c	1.39
3-lb cans Gold Spike California Yellow Peaches	14c	1.49
3-lb cans Pasadena Crawford California Peaches	18c	2.10
3-lb cans California Pears	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Sunset Cal. Pears	15c	1.65
3-lb cans Arrow Head California Apricots	11c	1.30
3-lb cans Seante Cal. Apricots	13c	1.50
3-lb cans Cal. Muscat Grapes	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Bonanza Cal. Egg Plums	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Pacific California Green Gages	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Cal. White Cherries	25c	2.50
2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Sliced Pineapples	15c	1.60
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Sliced Pineapples	13c	1.50
2-lb cans Union Abaco Grated Pineapples	17c	1.90
2-lb cans Union Sliced Pineapples	12½	1.40
2-lb cans Red Cherries	10c	1.20
5-lb cans Gooseberries	10c	1.10
Gallon cans New York Apples	28c	3.15

SIRUP.

A 5-Gallon Keg Fancy Table Sirup for ..... 99 cents

If you use this sirup on your cakes in the morning your day will be one of sweetness.

2½-Gallon Pails Fancy Table Sirup, all for ..... 59 cents

White Drips Sirup, per gallon ..... 39 cents

PureGold Sirup—the finest Pure Sugar Sirup made, per gallon ..... 65 cents

Pure Vermont Maple Sirup, per gallon $1.00

The Bears Have the Best of It.

Prices Go Down. Read the Following:

15-foot Extension Step Ladder	69 cents
Bed Sheets, each	13 cents
No. 8 all solid copper Tea Kettles	69 cts
No. 8 Copper-bottom Wash Boilers	56 cts
4-gallon best quality Oil Cans, each	10 cts
Large size Cooking Spoons, best quality, each	3 cts
Fancy Drinking Mugs in a variety of patterns	3 cts
2-quart covered Saucepans	7 cts
4-quart covered Saucepans	13 cts
6-quart covered Saucepans	15 cts
Best quality Can Openers, a 10-cent article, this sale	4 cts
Best quality Flour Sieves—you will use no other if you get it—each	23 cts

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT THIS SPRING? IF SO, GET ONE OF OUR 1894 COLOR CARDS.

H. R. EAGLE & CO., 68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

IPSWICH.

In Ipswich nights are cool and fair,
  And the voice that comes from the yonder sea
Sings to the quaint old mansions there
  Of "the time, the time that used to be."
And the quaint old mansions rock and groan,
And they seem to say in an undertone,
With half a sigh and half a moan—
  "It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich witches work at night
  Their magic spells with impish glee.
They shriek and laugh in their demon flight
  From the old Maine house to the frightened sea.
And ghosts of old come out to weep
Over the town that is fast asleep,
And they sob and moan as on they creep—
  "It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich riseth Heart Break hill
  Over against the calling sea,
And through the night so deep and chill
  Watcheth a maiden constantly;
Watcheth alone, but seems to hear,
Over the roar of the waves afar,
The pitiful cry of a fateful year—
  "It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich once a witch I knew—
  An artless Saxon witch was she.
By that flaxen hair and those eyes of blue,
  Sweet was the spell she cast on me.
Alas! but the years have wrought me ill,
And the heart that is old and battered and chill
Seeketh again on Heart Break hill
  What was, but never again can be.

Dear Anna, I would not conjure down
  The ghost that cometh to solace me.
I love to think of old Ipswich town,
  Where somewhat better than friends were we,
For with every thought of the dear old place
Cometh again the tender grace
Of a Saxon witch's pretty face
  As it was and is and ever shall be.

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

HOW SHE ELOPED.

The first time I ever saw Mollie she was hanging out the clothes on Monday morning. No. 47 was going along pretty lively through the outskirts of a little farming town that lay next to the one where our trip ended. I had often noticed the farmhouse. This morning I saw a young girl come out of the green side door with a basket of clothes.

"Hard pull that for a young one," says I to myself and took another look at her.

She had on some kind of a blue frock, with the sleeves rolled up, and her hair was brown, shining goldlike in the sun as she bent to the basket now on the ground and drew out a sheet and began to put it on the line.

Well, p'raps you wouldn't believe it, sir, but I kept thinking about the girl all day, and when I made my return trip I stared with all my might at the clothes hanging there.

But they just flapped back, kind of disdainful, and I didn't catch a glimpse of what I wanted to see.

I was making then a round trip and a half a day, so I staid every other night in Chewboro, the town next that in which my girl in blue lived.

Well, that being my Chewborn evening, I walked six miles and back to pass the old gray farmhouse.

I saw her, too, for as I was sitting on the stone wall opposite the house resting and speculating as to who she was she came to the window and looked out at the moon.

All the next day I kept thinking how pretty she looked with her arms raised to hang the sheet, and how the light glistened on her hair, and how she had leaned forward to look up at the moon, and that night—that was my Boston night—I spent in rescuing her from the coils of a boa constrictor, only to find her the next minute in danger of being crushed by a freight car. The heroic acts I performed that night would make a volume.

The next day, on my second trip, I thought I caught a glimpse of that blue gown flying around a corner. Says I to myself:

"This thing must stop, Sam, or you'll be getting into trouble some day. You'll be forgetting to slow up over that trestle, and there'll be big headlines in the paper, 'Owing to the Carelessness of the Engineer a Score of Souls Hurled Into Eternity!'

"No," says I, "this won't do. Either the girl's worth fretting about or she ain't, and best thing for you to do, Sam, is to find out which right off."

So that evening at supper I opened kinder gently with the landlady.

"Good farming country round here,' says I. You see, I hadn't been on that branch very long, so the remark seemed natural enough.

"Um," says Mrs. Grubb, hard at work on a piece of beefsteak to set a good example to the boarders.

"I notice some fine trees along by Chewboro," says I, mentioning the town where my blue girl lived.

"Um," from the landlady, again hard at work.

"There's one especially handsome one in front of an old house beyond the trestle on the right; ever notice it?" says I as carelessly as I could, but waiting quite breathless for her answer.

"Deacon Stackpole's, yes."

"Stackpole?" I repeated aloud. "I used to know some Stackpoles," which was true enough, only they were two young kids in the poorhouse down in Maine. "Stackpole, Stackpole! What's the deacon's family?"

"Nothing but his wife and granddaughter."

"Oh, yes," says I, quite careless. "Seems to me I've seen a little girl playing round."

"Little girl!" shouted Mrs. Grubb, forgetting her beefsteak in her eagerness. "She's 17 if she's a day, and a good tall girl for her age, and a great help to her grandmother, I can tell you."

At which for some unknown reason I felt much pleased.

"She's all fired pretty," added Jim Stokes, the engineer on 119, at which I felt an equally sudden desire to kick him.

I put on my other suit and a new blue necktie—the girls used to say I looked pretty well in a blue necktie—and I started out for my six mile tramp.

I hadn't made all these preparations for nothing, you may be sure. I proposed to do something more than sit on the stone wall that evening.

There was a light in the sitting room when I came in sight of the house, and I plucked up courage and knocked at the door.

I don't mind telling you that while I was waiting for somebody to come I felt kind of weak about the knees, and when the door opened and there stood Mollie holding the lamp up high and looking out into the darkness, with her cheeks as pretty as a peach, well, then I was clean gone.

I managed to stammer out the speech I'd made about being out walking and being tired, and might I rest and have a drink of water? Goodness knows I needed both, for I was that shaky I was fit to drop.

Mollie told me to walk in and called her grandfather. I told him who I was—Sam Thorpe, engineer on 47, the best engine on the road, too, sir—and he made me welcome and treated me hearty.

"This is my wife," said he, "and this is my granddaughter, Mollie," he added as she came in carrying a pitcher of cider and some glasses, and with a pretty blush on her cheeks.

I sat down and had a real pleasant evening, and it wasn't the last I spent there either, for in course of time whenever I spent the night in Chewboro, which was every other night, you remember, I spent the evening with Mollie.

One evening I got talking about names, and says I:

"Your name's a queer one—Stackpole. I never met with it before except when I was a boy. Down in Maine where I lived there were two boys who had been left on the poorhouse steps one night, and who were brought up there. Tom and Bije their names were, I remember, and we boys used to call them 'haystacks' for fun."

Mollie had given a little cry of sympathy for the orphans, I supposed, but ceased abruptly as her grandfather glanced at her severely. He was a stern man and disliked all display of soft heartedness.

The name isn't uncommon in some parts," said he, and that was all. Do you know, after that the old man would hardly speak to me and gave me to understand by his manner that I wasn't as welcome as I used to be. It made me mad. So at last I says to Mollie:

"I tell you, Mollie, I can't stand this. I must see you as much as I have done, and I can't do it with your grandfather acting as if he owed me money. Now, I don't want to do anything underhand, and I know your honest little heart wouldn't let you either, so the only thing for us to do is to get married right off, and I'll go and ask your grandfather now."

You see, we'd made it all up between us some time before, but we'd agreed to wait a year, because Mollie was so young.

Mollie said "Yes," and off I went to interview the old man. I didn't expect a very cordial reception, but I didn't expect anything nearly so warm as I got.

I was consigned to a spot not fit to be mentioned before ladies the minute I made my proposition, and the old gentleman used language that certainly didn't belong to a deacon. Then I got mad, and says I:

"Have you anything against my character, Deacon Stackpole," says I, "or my prospects?"

"No," says he; "I've looked them up pretty carefully when I guessed what you were hanging round here for."

"Then what is your objection?" says I.

But he wouldn't have anything to say to me but "No, no, no," and wouldn't listen to anything I said, so I off to find Mollie crying under an apple tree, for she'd heard our angry voices.

I didn't see her the next evening but one, for I found at my boarding house a long letter from her:

"Sam, dear, grandfather is very determined, and you'd better not come over this week.

"It's all about those two little boys you knew in Maine in the poorhouse. You see, I had an Uncle Tom, who was grandfather's oldest son. He turned out to be very wild and a great trial to grandfather, and he nearly broke grandfather's heart. After awhile he married an actress, and they went away and never were heard of for years.

"Grandfather is an awfully proud man, and he was mortified to death at the way Uncle Tom had acted. He had been expelled from the church, and that was a great blow, and finally, when he brought home his wife, that was the finishing touch.

"She was black haired, and she reddened her cheeks, and she was rather handsome, but loud talking and not like grandmother.

"Grandmother tried to bear with her, but one day she was impudent, and Uncle Tom stood up for her against his mother, and grandfather got angry and turned them both out of doors.

"In three or four years a letter came to grandmother from Uncle Tom, written from Maine, saying that his wife had died, and that he was very ill himself and didn't expect to live long, and that he had two little boys whom he had called Tom and Abijah, after himself and grandfather, and that they'd have to go to the poorhouse if something wasn't done for them soon, and would grandmother tell grandfather how matters stood and how Uncle Tom repented of what he had done.

"Grandmother actually didn't dare to tell grandfather, though her heart ached for her boy, so she copied it all down and sent it to him anonymously. He was as angry as he could be and cursed Uncle Tom's wife for bringing the name of Stackpole to the poorhouse, and Uncle Tom for being not only bad, but weak spirited.

" 'I disowned him when I sent him from the house,' he said, 'and his children and he may die in the poorhouse before I'll raise a finger to help them.'

"In about a week she saw in the newspaper the account of the man found dead, and his name, Thomas Stackpole, was found in his pocket.

"Grandmother plucked up courage and pleaded to have the children brought home, but grandfather wouldn't listen to her and forbade any one mentioning the subject again.

"He seems to grow worse as time goes on, so when you spoke of your knowing two boys named Stackpole in the poorhouse he began to hate you, and he hated you ever since. That's the only reason he has for not letting us marry.

"I exclaimed when you told me their names, because I knew I had somewhere two cousins, Tom and Bije, but I didn't know then all the story as I have told it to you.

"Sam, dear, grandfather is going to send me to boarding school right away, so I can't see you."

Then came some tender words from the dear little girl's loving heart, and I decided that something must be done and that at once.

The next day that I was in town I received a note from Mollie telling me the particulars. She was to go to a boarding school 100 miles away the next day on the 5 o'clock train, and her grandfather was to go with her.

I had been thinking all night over a plan, and I resolved to put it into execution, for as to Mollie's going away so far from me it was utterly out of the question.

First, I wrote a long letter to Mollie, describing the whole plan and giving her minute directions as to her part in it. This I dispatched by a messenger whom I could trust, with directions to give it to Mollie herself.

Then I traveled all over town to get leave of absence for the next day. I was going to take the next day off anyway, but I thought I'd rather get it honestly if I could.

I got permission for Joe McDonald to run his engine on my train, and that suited me. I needed a locomotive in carrying out my plan, and of course I knew my own best. The rest of the night I spent in some necessary carpenter work.

A long day the next was. I obtained a marriage license, and with that in my pocket I felt that I could defy a dozen crossgrained grandfathers.

Early in the afternoon I got up steam in 47, and it seemed as if the minutes were hours until 5 o'clock. I'd had to tell the scheme to my fireman. I'd got leave for him too.

I was getting pretty nervous when we started out a little before 5 o'clock.

We ran slowly up the road, and then got on to a side track that extended alongside the main road about 10 miles and luckily was just then free from cars.

At last we heard the rumble of the express in the distance. Then I pulled the throttle, and we began to make a good speed, so that our gait just equaled that of the express, and we ran side by side, first, second, third car.

That was the one I had told Mollie to be in, and on the farther side, so that her grandfather should not see my engine.

We fell back a little and ran even with the rear platform of the car. Would she have the courage to do it? Such a slight little thing as she was, and it would need such pluck.

Could she escape the old man's vigilance?

Yes, there she was on the platform!

Quick now; there was the result of my night's carpenter work, a plank long enough to reach from the cab of my locomotive to the platform of the car, provided with a rail, so that the perilous walk might be made as safe as possible.

It was fitted in place, and she stepped upon it bravely, though her cheeks were deathly pale.

How anxiously I watched every step, keeping one hand on the throttle lest either engine increase or slacken its speed and the plank be shaken or bent from the straight line!

Half way across! A little faltering as she glanced down at the flying gravel.

"Courage, my darling!" I cried.

People were beginning to crowd to the windows, and out upon the platform rushed the brakeman and a half dozen passengers and among them Grandfather Stackpole.

No one dared to speak for fear that Mollie would lose her balance. The brakeman steadied that end of the bridge, and the deacon wrung his hands in misery.

Almost over. Two steps more, and then I pulled her in and smothered her with kisses, while the fireman slackened our speed and played engineer for awhile.

The plank, Mollie's dangerous bridge, fell to the ground as the express pulled ahead, and we noticed that the feat had been accomplished just in time, for I looked out and saw only a three-quarter mile stretch of the side track before us.

We reversed the engine—dear old 47 that had won me a wife—and within an hour I was the husband of the sweetest little woman that man ever loved—my Mollie here.

"What became of grandfather?" He soon forgave Mollie and has always been kind to us, but his heart is still darkened to Tom's sons, whom Mollie insisted on hunting up in Maine.

We found them both prosperous farmers, who had no need of grandfather's help, and this fact seemed to confirm his determination to have nothing to do with them.

Grandmother has visited them, and she is the same kind hearted old lady, dovotedly fond of Mollie and attached to our two boys, Sam and Abijah.—Hartford Times.

By Degrees.

How carefully and how tenderly the mother nurtures the opening intellect of her little one! Whatever of information she has to impart she breaks it gently, so that the infant's mind may not be unduly strained by having a great truth forced into it all at once. It is for this reason that she first informs the baby that the canine quadruped is a "bow-wow," and subsequently when she thinks the child can bear it, that it is a "doggie." It is only when she believes the infant's mind is strong and virile that she comes out boldly with the full truth that the animal is a "dog."—Boston Transcript.

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THE CITIZEN, 69 DEARBORN ST.

LITERARY.

The Escape of the Empress Eugenie.

Miss Anna L. Bicknell, who was for many years a governess in the family of one of the ladies of the Empress Eugenie's household, writes of "The Tuileries under the Second Empire" in the March *Century*, from which we take the following account of the escape of the Empress after the downfall of Napoleon in the Franco-German war:

The chamber of deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic had been proclaimed. The cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries, and the enraged populace was coming nearer and nearer. The crowd reached the reserved garden in front of the palace, and tore down the emblematic imperial eagles. It was then a quarter past three in the afternoon.

The Austrian and Italian ambassadors now entreated the Empress to leave the palace, but she warmly rejected the proposal. The daughter of a noble race, with the heroic blood of the Germans flowing in her veins, she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She was a sentinel left to defend a post, and she would die there. The roar of the mob became louder and louder; the cries of "Vive la Republique!" were distinctly heard.

"Madame," then said her faithful secretary Pietri, "by remaining here you will cause a general massacre of your attendants." She seemed struck by this, and, turning to Gen. Mellinet, she said, "Can you defend the palace without bloodshed?" "Madame, I fear not." "Then all is over," said the Empress. She turned to those present. "Gentlemen, can you bear witness that I have done my duty to the last?" They hastily answered, "Yes," again urging her to leave.

All her usual attendants of the service d'honneur were assembled in the rose-colored room, a fairy bower, ill-suited as a frame for such a tragic picture, and which she was never to see again. She bade farewell to all. Strange to say—and the inexplicable fact has never been denied nor excused—not one of those present offered to follow her; not one asked her where she was seeking a refuge. Let us hasten to add that her ever-faithful friend and follower, the Duc de Bassano, was not there; he was at the senate-house, vainly trying to stem the flood. But there were others who could have filled his place. All were bewildered and absorbed by selfish fears. One lady who filled a secondary though confidential post in the household, Madame Lebreton, sister to Gen. Bourbaki, followed her unhappy mistress into exile. With one faithful attendant, Pietri, and the two ambassadors, the Empress threaded the galleries communicating with the Louvre, while the mob broke into the Tuileries, on the other side. There was a door of communication which was found locked, and for one brief moment anxiety was intense; but the key was happily found, and crossing the splendid Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, the fugitives found their way into the place opposite the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

Two columns of insurgents were coming in different directions; the danger was great, and the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, went in haste to seek his carriage. Meanwhile a street boy called out, "There is the Empress!" Much alarmed, the Italian ambassador, Chevalier Nigra, hastily thrust the Empress and Madame Lebreton into a hackney-carriage, and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two ambassadors immediately lost sight of the vehicle.

The Empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the driver asked her where he was to take her, she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends; none were at home, and the Empress, utterly exhausted, and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr. Evans, the American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner, and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time; but as she insisted upon speaking to him, he came out, and was struck with astonishment on finding himself in the presence of the fugitive Empress. To his honor be it said that never in the days of imperial prosperity could she have met with more respect or more devoted zeal in her service than was shown on this occasion by Dr. and Mrs. Evans. Nothing that could be done for her comfort was neglected, and Dr. Evans never left his imperial guest till he had safely landed her on the English shore. Here, at least, there was neither ingratitude nor selfish fear, and the conduct of Dr. Evans on this memorable occasion will be remembered as a title of honor to his name and his country.

At a conference of delegates from the bands of Cork, held at the Young Ireland Society's rooms, in that city, Feb. 13, for the purpose of discussing the *Weekly Independent's* scheme for the revival of Irish music, delegates were present from the following bands: The Barrack Street, Butter Exchange, and Independent Workingmen's brass bands, and the SS. Peter and Paul's, Parnell Guards (Fair lane), and Barrack Street No. 2 Fife and Drum band. The chairman said that the bands of Cork would be only too happy to do all in their power to help the effort now being made to rescue from oblivion the ancient music of Ireland, and preserve it in the future. The present attempt should receive the support of the bands of all Ireland, regardless of politics, and he was sure hearty support would be extended by the Irish bands in England and America. The conference decided that in future special prominence be given at all performances to Irish music and the works of modern Irish composers.

THE CURIOUS LEMMING.

A Remarkable Animal Found In the Highlands of Norway and Sweden.

Very nearly related to the field mice are the lemmings, which are in their way among the most remarkable of animals. They are about five inches long, with very short tails. Dwelling in the highlands of the great central mountain chain of Norway and Sweden, they build their nests of straw lined with hair under stones and tussocks of grass. They are very pugnacious. When disturbed, instead of trying to escape, they sit upright, hissing and showing fight.

Certain cultivated districts of Sweden and Norway, where these creatures are ordinarily unknown, are occasionally, at intervals of from 5 to 25 years, overrun by armies of them, which steadily and slowly advance, always in the same direction, regardless of all obstacles, swimming across streams and even lakes several miles in breadth and committing great devastation. In turn they are pursued and harassed by crowds of beasts and birds of prey, such as bears, wolves, foxes, wildcats, weasels, eagles, hawks and owls. Even domestic animals—cattle, goats and reindeer—join in the hunt.

None of these migrant lemmings ever returns by the course from which it came. The onward march of the survivors never ceases until they reach the sea, into which they plunge, and swimming onward in the same direction as before perish in the waves.

As a matter of fact, the lemmings which perish in the sea are acting under the same blind impulse that led them previously to cross smaller pieces of water in safety. No survivors of the migrating hordes ever live to transmit their final and fatal experience to subsequent generations, and so this gigantic mistake is periodically repeated.

Abnormal increase of number and consequent necessity for food bring about the migration from the highlands to the lowlands, winding up in the ocean. The animals only travel at night and pause when they find sustenance plentiful. Exhaustion of the food supply compels them to proceed. Naturally they would not turn back on their tracks, the region behind being eaten bare. It is a curious fact that during these journeys they multiply enormously and even more rapidly than at home. Such a migration lasts from one to three years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Snake Charming.

The secrets of snake charming are much simpler than most people imagine. The snakes to be handled are gorged with food until they become drowsy, or else they are drugged so that their senses are dazed. Sometimes they are kept in iceboxes, and the cold puts them in a semitorpid condition. In either case the snakes are only half alive.

In handling the reptile the hand must always grasp it at certain places where the head can be guided and held from the body. This is the hardest thing to learn; but, like everything else, it comes with practice. By dint of dexterity and strength the snake is easily passed from one hand to the other and is allowed to coil about the body. The snake charmer, however, must be on the alert. When the snake becomes too lively, it is put back into the icebox.

In handling a reptile with the fangs in—which ought to be prohibited by law—one requires great strength, as the strain on the system during the performance is very great. The grasp and movements must be precise and accurate. There is no room for hesitancy or uncertainty. Most of the snakes handled, however, are harmless so far as poisoning is concerned.—Charles Robinson in Lippincott's.

Popular Stones For Jewelry.

Through all changes, when every stone seems to have its day, the diamond stands alone, incomparable. In these days stones are brought into prominence to meet the demand for variety, and such stones as the amethyst, the aquamarine, the chrysoberyl, the golden carnelian and many other stones known as semiprecious are so wonderfully cut and set as to greatly increase their intrinsic value. These stones are very fashionable just at present set in the form of collar and girdle. The turquoise has been more universally adopted in recent years than any other stone. The greatest number and some of the most beautiful have of late years been found in our own country. During the last three years $400,000 worth of American turquoises have been used. And the opal—that exquisite stone with its fairy light dancing over its delicate surface—just now it is finding its reward after many years of prejudice. Indeed, so far has the old superstition regarding this stone been removed that it has become, when set in diamonds, one of the chosen stones for the engagement ring, and the woman who can claim among her associates the most beautiful opal is to be envied, not pitied.—Jewelers' Circular.

Who Owned the Bird?

A hawk captured and killed a carrier pigeon in Druid Hill park a few days ago after a protracted chase. The chase was witnessed by a number of persons. The lightninglike movements of the pursuer and pursued were a revelation to those who were not versed in the flights of birds. The pigeon, as long as it kept in a straight line, beat the hawk flying, but on becoming frightened and confused it began a zigzag course and was then an easy prey. Captain Cassell frightened the hawk so that he got the pigeon, but the pigeon was dead when it struck the ground. On one of its legs was a metal band bearing the capital letters A. S. H. C., the large figures 291 and the small figures 86.—Baltimore Sun.

How He Was.

X. is a malade imaginaire whose chief hobby it is to get a doctor to visit him every day. A friend called to see him one morning. "Well, how are you today?"

"I don't know—the doctor hasn't been here yet!"—Grillon.

EARNINGS OF BEGGARS.

The Professionals In London and Paris Pick Up a Good Living.

The professional beggar is not a modern innovation by any means. Readers may recall Scarecrow, the famous London beggar, who, having disabled himself in his right leg, asked alms all day in order to get a warm supper at night. According to John Timbs, the Ruffiers, of whom we often find mention in the literature of the seventeenth century, were troops of idle vagrants who infested Lincoln's inn fields.

They assumed the characters of maimed soldiers who had suffered in the great rebellion and found a ready prey in the people of fashion and quality who drove by. Indeed it is made clear by contemporary allusion in comedies that this square was the regular haunt of bogus cripples who lived by mendicancy, which they carried on in the most barefaced and even intimidating manner. It is related that George IV, when prince of Wales, once attended a beggars' carnival in London incognito. He had not been there long when the chairman, addressing the company and pointing to the prince, said:

"I call upon that 'ere gemman with a shirt for a song." The prince, as well as he could, got excused, upon a friend, who accompanied him, promising to sing instead, which the latter did amid great applause. The health of the prince and his friend having been drunk and duly responded to, they departed in order to afford the company an opportunity to fix their different routes for the ensuing day's business, for at that time the professional beggars of London used to have a general meeting several times during the year, at which they were divided into companies, each company having its particular walk.

In those days their earnings varied, some getting as much as 5 shillings a day. Most of the professional beggars in London today—and their name is legion—emanate from two or three common lodging houses. The most populous of these, which is known as The Dispensary, supports an individual known as a "scriver," who earns a living by manufacturing the pathetic signboards which the sham cripples and the bogus blind men carry round their necks. In Paris, as is well known, the professional beggars hold regular weekly meetings, at which the routes to be followed by the members of the guild are mapped out by a standing committee.

They have an organ of their own, called The Journal des Mendicants, which appears twice a week. From a recent issue the following advertisement is taken: "Wanted—To engage a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required."

This queer announcement is explained by the fact that the proprietors of hotels and boarding houses of fashionable French watering places assume that visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves they engage professional beggars to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and the beggars in return pay them one-half of their daily receipts.—North American Review.

Frank Confession.

Robert Chambers, the large hearted and honest publisher, one night appeared at his club after a short absence, and there delighted at least one member—J. C. Jeaffreson—by a deliciously frank expression of opinion. Jeaffreson began the conversation by asking:

"What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"I have joost been spending the time in Scotland with my ain people, and for my diversion I have been reading yet again Scott's novels. I went deliberately through the whole lot o' them. What do you think o' a mon o' my years spending the greater part of the long holidays in sic a way?"

"It was in that way that I first made acquaintance with the Waverly novels," was the enthusiastic reply, "in a broiling hot summer and autumn. How you must have enjoyed yourself!"

"Weel, weel, I canna say," returned the Scottish publisher and man of letters. Then he looked warily up and down the room to make sure of not being hard by any brother Scotsman and continued:

"I canna say I enjoyed the buiks so much as I did in my younger time. I would not say it aloud in Adinbro, but weel you believe me when I say that Sir Walter isn't what he used to be to me? To tale you the truth," he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper—"to tale you the truth, I found him rather prosy! Aye, but dinna be laughing, or the lads there will be asking what I said to you. It is the truth that I tale you. I moost conface I fund him at times a leetle prosy!"—Youth's Companion.

Figuring It Out.

A schoolmaster had been severely correcting one of his boys and finished by saying: "Now sit down and write a letter to your parents telling them how much you are taught here and how little you profit therefrom. I should be ashamed to tell them." The boy cried a good deal and then wrote:

DEAR FATHER—I am very stupid, though there is more to be learnt here than anywhere. Twice two's four—four boys go to one bed—six beds make one attic, and four attics make one well ventilated and appointed sleeping dormitory. One round of bread and butter makes one breakfast, and every tea makes its own supper.

"This time," said the master, "we will—er—overlook your conduct, and you needn't send that note." (He had been overlooking.)—London Tit-Bits.

The Making of Shakespeare.

"An old crippled woman whom I knew in Leamington, England," writes a correspondent, "used often to amuse me by her original ideas and speeches. Speaking of Shakespeare one day, I said I would like much to visit Stratford-upon-Avon. 'Law!' said she, with much scorn, 'who was he? On'y a plowboy, and he was never thought nothin of till them Americans came and took him up.'"—Boston Transcript.

Stars and Storms.

Much of the beauty of the stars depends upon their scintillation. The multitudinous flashing of their tiny rays gives a wonderful life and brilliancy to a winter's night. The great star Sirius excites the most admiration when near the horizon he coruscates with rainbow hues. But the astronomer would be glad if he could put a stop to the scintillating of the stars. That unsteadiness of their light is one of the chief obstacles he has to overcome in studying them with the telescope.

Scintillation has generally been regarded as due only to slight disturbances in the atmosphere. But as recent observations have shown that red stars scintillate less than white ones it has been suggested that the causes of some of the essential differences in the scintillations of different stars may be in the stars themselves. There is no doubt, however, that the main cause of scintillation depends upon the condition of the air.

Most people suppose that when the stars appear to lose their liveliness of light and shine without twinkling as minute bright points in the sky fair weather is in prospect. Studies lately made in France and Switzerland seem to contradict this popular belief. It has been found there that when the stars are feeble in their scintillations foul weather is at hand. The night before a most violent storm in France, for instance, the stars hung so quietly in the sky that they seemed to have entirely lost their scintillating power.

This is said to be only one instance among many which show that an unusual steadiness in the light of the stars precedes the appearance of storms.—Youth's Companion.

Management.

Nobody likes being managed. The secret of management is not known to all, but those who have learned it from the good fairies who preside over domestic tranquillity have attained brevet rank among the fortunate of the world. There is everything in taking people at the right moment and in suggesting an arrangement instead of ordering an arbitrary change of base. "My cousin Cornelia," said a lady, "always has her own way, without ever seeming to want it. Jabez, her husband, constantly proposes things in a masterful fashion, which he imagines first occurred to his own brain, the truth being that he is merely carrying out what Cornelia determined upon before the good man had so much as had a glimpse of the situation."

A secret of successful management in the home campaign is briefly stated in a sentence, "Keep your temper and do not antagonize any one." "I am leaving home for a week," a mother observed, "and I have given Phyllis charge of the house, her father and the boy."

"But Dorothy is the older daughter, is she not?" was the inquiry of the person addressed.

"Yes, Dorothy is the older, but not the wiser in this particular instance," said the mother. "Dorothy never conciliates. She asserts and endeavors to enforce her wishes. The result is strife and bitterness. Phyllis is gentle and patient. She yields in minor matters and only makes a stand where something worth struggling for is involved. I go away with a light heart when it is a question of dropping my cares into the hands of Phyllis."—Harper's Bazar.

Large Sailing Ships.

The largest sailing ship afloat is the French five master La France, launched in 1890 on the Clyde and owned by Messrs. Ant Dom Bordes et Fils, who possess a large fleet of sailing vessels. In 1891 she came from Iquique to Dunkirk in 105 days with 6,000 tons of nitrate, yet she was stopped on the Tyne when proceeding to sea with 5,500 tons of coal and compelled to take out 500 tons on the ground that she was overladen.

There is not a single five masted sailing ship under the British flag. The United States has two five masters—the Louis of 830 tons and the Governor Ames of 1,778 tons—both fore and aft schooners, a rig peculiar to the American coast. Ships having five masts can be counted on the fingers of one hand; but, strange to say, the steamship Coptic of the Shaw, Savill & Albion company, on her way to New Zealand in December, 1890, passed the Governor Ames in 14 degrees south 84 degrees west, bound for California, and two days later in 6 degrees south 31 degrees west the French five master La France, bound south.

Passengers and crew of the Coptic might travel over many a weary league of sea and never again see two such excellent object lessons in the growth of sailing ships in quick succession. The largest three masted sailing ship is the Ditton of 2,850 tons.—Chambers' Journal.

A Story of Evarts.

When Mr. Evarts was called to Washington by President Hayes as secretary of state, his predecessor, Secretary Fish, gave a dinner in his honor. Mrs. Fish was seated at Mr. Evarts' right hand. During a lull in the conversation Mrs. Fish turned to Mr. Evarts, speaking so clearly as to be heard even at the foot of the table, saying, "Mr. Evarts, I understand that you have sent two of your sons to college."

"Yes, Mrs. Fish."

"They are twin brothers, are they not, Mr. Evarts?"

"Yes, and they have been playmates and schoolmates until now."

"But is it true that you sent one to Harvard and the other to Yale, although you are a Yale graduate yourself?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"Then I suppose you have done that, Mr. Evarts, so that each of them can take first honors?"

Here Mr. Evarts looked curiously at Mrs. Fish for an instant and then said very earnestly, "Mrs. Fish, you have divined correctly."—Philadelphia Press.

THE CAMEL.

He Is a Pigheaded, Obstinate, Unsociable and Unmanageable Brute.

Camels are not like horses. If a horse does not want to do anything, we make him. If a camel does not want to do anything, he leaves it undone. No amount of coaxing, no amount of cruelty, will make him budge. He has the determination of a mule combined with the strength of an elephant. A camel is one of those aggravating brutes which will drive a hot tempered man to distraction. Nothing will persuade him to listen to reason. He will oppose your will with a passive resistance that is absolutely unconquerable.

The only way to treat a camel is to humor if you cannot humbug him. They will often lie down if you load them with the proverbial last straw, and you might beat them to death or offer up all the pleasures of paradise before they would get up. They are pigheaded beasts. Sometimes when they have quite a light load they turn nasty and throw themselves to the ground. But although they are obstinate they are not cute, and an Arab, by pretending to submit, can generally get the better of the stubborn beasts. The drivers will ostentatiously remove three or four packages from the load, and the animal, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction, rises at once without perceiving that the parcels have meanwhile been returned to their former place. As he flatters himself he has shirked some of his duty he swings away with a light heart, gratified beyond measure, like a spoiled child, at having his own way.

The camel is an unsociable beast. He is also habitually dull, except when he is sniffing the salt air of the desert. When he is treading the sands, with the burning sun on his back and the boundless waste before him, he feels himself at home. The immense heat makes him bubble over with pleasure and fills his frame with a sublime intoxication. It has been stated on the best authority that he can go nine days without water. And if you had ever seen a camel drink when he does get a chance of quenching his thirst you would not be surprised at this. They have been known to put away 7½ gallons at a time.—Ashton Reporter.

A Chinese Lottery Den.

Entering a Chinese lottery den, one sees on the walls a large representation of a lottery ticket beautifully engrossed, and also large slips of paper, each slip containing one of the 80 lottery characters. When the drawing is to take place, these slips are taken down, rolled into pellets so as to conceal the writing and then thrown into a pan. They are then well mixed up and again taken out and placed in four wooden bowls marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 20 of these characters being distributed equally among the four bowls.

One of these four bowls contains the winning characters of the drawing. Which is it to be? Again four pieces of paper, each printed with a number, 1, 2, 3 or 4, corresponding with the numbers marked on the bowl, are rolled up, thrown into a box and shaken. A disinterested person, sometimes a little child, is called in to draw out one of these numbers. For this service he receives 5 cents for good luck. The paper bearing the given number is straightened out, the number read and the bowl selected which corresponds with the number. This, of course, contains the winning 20 characters, and all the other 60 characters in the three other bowls are destroyed. The bowl chosen is taken up, and one by one the characters are unfolded. An assistant is stationed near the large lottery ticket hanging up, and as each character in the bowl is read off the corresponding character on the wall is marked. As soon as the 20 lucky characters are called out they are pasted on a piece of paper and hung up where every one can see the drawing for that day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Golden Rule In the Boxing Ring.

The high moral value of boxing as an exercise and of the boxing code to which every boxer must submit is due to the fact that they compel men to be just, to accept equality, to respect the rights of others, to be fair to their opponents on their feet and magnanimous to them when they are down.

They take the golden rule down into the gymnasiums of every first class college and school and say to the youth of today, who is to be the citizen of tomorrow, "Put on the gloves, young man, and learn that you positively shall not, in the boxing ring at least, do anything unto others which they shall not do unto you."

Quite apart, therefore, from its physical benefits, which are greater than those of any other form of athletics, quite apart, too, from its utility in moments of personal peril, which is too obvious to need pointing out, I rejoice at the undoubted growth of boxing in the general favor as a distinct and valuable moral advance. It is already taught in nearly all our leading colleges and private schools. I hope to live to see it taught in all our public high schools, and this more as a means of moral discipline than of physical improvement.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Kenosha, the Western Gretna Green.

There is probably no city or town in Wisconsin where so many marriages take place as at Kenosha. It is the Gretna Green for Illinois and also many towns in Michigan. Hudson is also noted as a center for matrimonially inclined couples from Minnesota, and Hazel Green has a like reputation for Iowa and northwestern Illinois young people who do not wish to be put to the trouble or publicity of taking out a marriage license. Kenosha, however, is far ahead of its rivals in that respect. The town is about midway between Milwaukee and Chicago and consequently has the World's fair city to draw from for the greater proportion of the business in the matrimonial line.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Mur. hy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 8—M A Concannen, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich J Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4759 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 3020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Archer hall, Paulina and Indiana-sts at 8 p m.

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Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 499 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 85 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 267 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 28 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John O'Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrach, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter L Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Kerker. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Carney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Carney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Reibel; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at [illegible] and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rubi's [illegible] and Harvard st.

St Ann—No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, [illegible] 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burns; T, Jas Sherwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Aloysius No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, [illegible] 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schlegelmann. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday at St Aloysius hall

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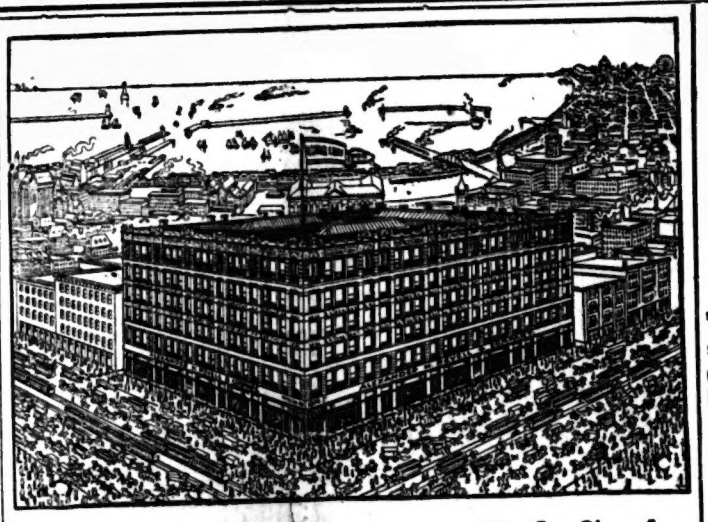

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Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
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The New Twin Screw Steamships.

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UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

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The Peloubet Church Organ

is the product of our factories, is built under our patents, and through its superexcellent musical qualities has achieved substantial success. It costs from $300 to $3500.

Let us send you (free) a list of the churches that have bought and are using Peloubet Church Organs. Also complete specifications (free) if you state seating capacity of your church.

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CHICAGO.

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Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.

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Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
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150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove engths, $6. per cord delivered.
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HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, February 28, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 8,035,007.87
Overdrafts		57,225.12
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U.S. bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		248,370.00
Real estate		51,107.50
Due from banks and bankers	$2,039,800.45	
Cash on hand	4,658,805.19	
Exchanges for clearing-house	390,609.47	
		7,089,215.11
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$15,734,175.60

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		226,495.62
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		207.00
Deposits—		
Individual	$8,480,535.05	
Banks	4,981,837.92	
		13,462,472.07
Total		$15,734,175.60

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Ass't Cashier.
H. R. KENT, Second Ass't Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEO. E. ADAMS,	ALBERT A. MUNGER,
S. B. COBB,	WM. R. PAGE,
CHAS. R. CORWITH,	WALTER L. PECK.
WM. A. HAMMOND,	GEORGE SCHNEIDER.
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WM. D. KERFOOT.	

$300 to be paid for distributing circulars in your county by one live advertiser. HUSTLERS wanted, every town in above county. ADVERTISERS BUREAU, 18 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Fred Haase, deceased. To Ernst Haase, Rosine Helene Haase, Ernestine Auguste Bartel, wife of Ernest Bartel, heirs at law of said decedent.

Take Notice, that on the eleventh day of May, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate Court, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, his final account, as administrator de bonis non of said estate, and ask that the same be approved; that said estate be declared settled, and the undersigned discharged from his said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present, if you so desire.

Chicago, Illinois, March 10th, A. D. 1894.

FRANK T. KINNARE,
Public Administrator of Cook County, Illinois; administrator de bonis non of the estate of Fred Haase, deceased.

Francis T. Colby, attorney for administrator de bonis non.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK

At the Close of Business Feb. 28, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 4,115,176.48
Overdrafts		10,092.64
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		287,801.31
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$3,407,776.84	
Due from banks	2,289,738.43	
Checks for clearings	212,039.25	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	43,900.00	
		5,953,454.52
Total		$10,396,501.95

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	135,361.01
Dividends unpaid	36.00
Bank Notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$7,724,057.47
Due Banks	1,492,067.47
	9,216,104.94
Total	$10,396,501.95

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE FLANAGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Flanagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 16, 1894.

WILLIAM FLANAGAN, Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JEREMIAH N. MULVIHILL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah N. Mulvihill, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1894.

MARY MULVIHILL, Administratrix.

David Sullivan, Attorney.